

From the Morning Chronicle, 24 Sept.

END OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Debemur morti nos nostraque—the lesson, old as heathenism, scarcely wants that practical illustration which the closing of the Great Exhibition will so forcibly afford. From the very moment of its opening, the monition was one from which there was no escape. The gentle historian of early Greece was true to nature, if not to fact, when he represented the great King Xerxes as first glorifying himself, and then weeping, when he saw the broad Hellespont hidden by his ships, and hill and plain covered by his mighty hosts. The perishable nature of all worldly things is most forcibly taught in their proudest display, and the moment of man's triumph is the seal of his imbecility. Already, then, we may begin to prepare for the obsequies of that grand and glorious collection of human achievements, which even to have witnessed is an event in the most eventful life. We are not now bent upon recounting the successes of the Exhibition; but it may be well to meet, or to anticipate, an objection which may seem to have some force in it. It is that the beautiful has had the preference over the useful—that visitors have sought more to be pleased than to be taught—and that reward has attended art and artistic productions, rather than the less showy, but, it is said, more substantial inventions. We are not yet in a position to canvass any details connected with the assignment of prizes, but we may as well state distinctly that if it be true, as is alleged, that foreign exhibitors in works of decoration, and in textile and fictile manufacture, have secured a majority of medals, we shall not be dissatisfied with such a result. The great moral value of the Exhibition is in the lesson which it reads to ourselves—the most salutary discipline is that of defeat.

Hitherto we have encountered failure with good-humor, and therefore with dignity; and we trust that a higher feeling than the mere absence of pique will accompany that wholesome display of our many deficiencies which Hyde Park displays. We have, in the especial care which we have daily bestowed on a detailed examination of the various fields of manufacture and art, much missed our aim if we have failed to impress the critical character of the Exhibition on our readers. One, perhaps its chief, value is as a register of our mistakes and shortcomings. We may try to illustrate this by examining the objection above alluded to.

It is said that an undue proportion of attention, and perhaps an exaggerated amount of distinction, has been attracted by patterns, and porcelain, and furniture, and the like. But is not practical daily life made up of these things? Is not the eye educated, and the taste formed, by those things which are our household companions? In the way of educating and enlarging the capacity, it is of great consequence what such common matters as our cups, our table-covers, our chairs, and our carpets are. These domestic things make the largest contribution to our experience. It is not because we disregard them from their familiarity that they have

no real influence even upon our minds. When the whole English nation, below the upper circles—in all its families of the vast middle classes, one and all, day after day, and year after year, morning, noon, and night—only ate off the blue “willow-pattern,” the sense of the beautiful, as an element of the popular mind, must have been incredibly low. It is a fact that it was so; and so it is no paradox after all to say that even a dinner-plate may have its social value. A man is a better citizen who is not surrounded by household barbarisms and solecisms. It is a national gain to educate the national taste. We say it advisedly—it is now impossible to go back to the manufactured abominations which, while they encompassed, debased our early associations. And for this we have to thank the Exhibition. Throughout England—in every village, in schools, in farm-houses—are implanted germs of feeling, and knowledge, and taste, of which it were impossible to calculate the contingent results. Manufacturers have been taught that ugliness is not an essential condition of cheapness; and even moralists may be satisfied if, throughout the whole region of production, in all its branches, the great law has been thoroughly enforced, that, the more truthful any work is, the more satisfactory it is, as well to taste as to utility. So far as we have found one pervading aim in the mass of criticism which, to go no further, our own columns have produced, it consists in urging the constant question—Does this or that object display its principle of construction? Does it legitimately tell its tale? Has it a purpose, and is that purpose fairly and sufficiently evident? Whenever a work of art, a decoration, or an object of utility is, in this wide sense, truthful, it were hard to say that it is intrinsically bad. The province of art, as connected with construction, is to display facts. To decorate and to set off the final cause of a protection—not to masquerade it—is the province of ornament. To elevate mean things and mean purposes is a dignified aim of art, while to surprise and to cheat is something more than trickery. A poker in the shape of a battle-axe is a folly; but the plainest of jugs, or even a kitchen table, need not be vulgar.

We desire, then, to vindicate the prudence of the authorities connected with the Exhibition, if they are charged with extravagant attention to the minor matters of household concern. Already we can detect, in the approaching “winter fashions,” a noticeable improvement in the way of patterns and design. The Exhibition was, in this respect, exceedingly well-timed. Already, by our vast command over the markets of the world, we had done much to corrupt almost irretrievably the taste of mankind. As the old effete Roman Empire required to be broken up by the health-dispensing inroads of pure barbarism, so our stagnant circulation required a transfusion of some old barbaric sense of beauty. It is curious how effectually our European monopoly of bad taste has been disturbed by the sight of the home manufactures of the most uncivilized countries of the world. It is past question that, in a high appreciation of beauty, in a just sense and employment of color, in pure invention

of pattern, and in a thoughtful and legitimate application of it, India, China, Tunis, and Turkey put us out of all competition. In the Indian department there is a stand of metal work, damascened and inlaid with a common kind of niello, which is the very richest exemplification of every sort of beauty and truthfulness that can be imagined; and the most sumptuous fabrics of Aubusson stand artistically in immeasurable inferiority to an ordinary Egyptian rug. After what is now before our eyes, Manchester prints will, we believe, be very different from what they have hitherto been content to remain. We shall cease, we hope, to corrupt the four quarters of the world by our common machine goods. Indeed, that a clear and large stride in a right direction has been at least attempted, already a cursory criticism of our shop-windows shows.

And, viewing the matter under this aspect, we can console our tradesmen who have been frightening themselves at a supposed stagnation of trade as connected with the Exhibition. Orders may have been postponed; but this, in very many cases, has only been that purchasers might instruct themselves, discipline their taste, and inform their judgment. Many people—the experience of our readers may here be appealed to—waited till they had seen the Exhibition before committing themselves to the extant stock in trade of the upholsterer, and carpet-dealer, and silk-mercier. Comparison produces criticism—and criticism may be dilatory. But, in the end, that trade is most legitimate which is based upon a solid improvement in construction, form, and decoration, and which solicits the higher faculties, rather than that which merely relies upon physical and unavoidable necessities. A shop-keeper who understands his business knows the difference between purchasers who buy what they like, and those only who spend their money simply because they cannot help it. The returns of taste are better than those of breakages, and the capital which is invested in elegance is not the least productive.

From the Times, 30th Sept.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN IRELAND.

A CERTAIN little poem relates how a certain personage one day took a walk to see how his snug little farm, the earth, went on. Though it is unnecessary to travel so far for a precedent or a justification of the tour which the American Minister is making in Ireland, there is one point in common between the two visits, viz., that Ireland to all practical purposes belongs to that power whose minister it is now entertaining. Mr. Abbot Lawrence gives way to a very natural instinct when he makes a pilgrimage to the hearths and the altars that feed the population of the United States. The American who stands on the quays at New York sees a vast human tide pouring in at the rate of a thousand a day to swell the numbers, the wealth, and the power of his country. He sees that it was the direct necessity which drove them from the land of their fathers, and he recognizes in that necessity the providential means by which the vast continent of North America shall be added to the dominion of man. He hears the sad tale of the emigrants, and sees it too generally confirmed by their miserable aspect. His own political sympathies will naturally be with the supposed victims of tyrannical laws and aristocratic extortion. On

further acquaintance with these hapless refugees his interest cannot but increase, for he finds them affectionate and hopeful, genial and witty, industrious and independent—in fact, the rude element of which great nations are made. Hence the desire to see that strange region of the earth where such a people was produced and could not stay—an island the misfortunes of which are destined to form so conspicuous a feature in American story. The terrible incidents of the last six years—not to go further back—will be the domestic traditions of half the American people, and the dreadful scenes of fever and of famine, which have so often shocked our readers, will pass from father to son for many generations on the banks of the Mississippi, or the shores of the Pacific. It is this nursery of American citizens, this seed plot of Transatlantic States, this great human preserve that Mr. Lawrence is now exploring, as we think with as natural a curiosity as if he had sought, with the crowd, the ancient seats of science and art, and were measuring the Acropolis of Athens, or the Forum of Rome.

His Excellency has too much respect for this country, and too just a sense of his position, to let the Irish see how an American cannot but regard them. He knows very well that they are all his own fellow-citizens in embryo, and that every Celt will one day renounce the sceptres and coronets of the Old World. It is better for all parties, perhaps, that it should be so, little as we may like to see our society, our laws, and our sovereign the objects of worse than indifference. Mr. Abbot Lawrence says nothing of all this. The Irish flock to an American Minister as to an angel from heaven, for if he is curious to see the place the Irish come from, they are equally curious to see a man from America—the goal of all their hopes and expectations. They have set their face towards America, and as men on a march see chiefly those who are before them, on the spot which they will the next moment tread themselves, so the New World is every year more vivid, and the Old World more faint, in the Irish imagination. Hence it is that Mr. Lawrence finds himself received with almost the honors of royalty. Railway directors and corporations give him special trains, banquets, and addresses, and every city prepares an ovation. What can Lord Clarendon, with the very best intentions, offer to compare with the sympathies of a man whose country has welcomed a million Irishmen in the last four years? The railway companies have a special interest in these civilities. They have just been completed in time to convey the aborigines of Ireland to the ports where they take leave of their country. Strange to say, they derive a fleeting prosperity from depopulation and despair. So, at Galway, Mr. Abbot Lawrence is eagerly laid hold of as a patron of the plan for making that city a Transatlantic packet station and an emigrant depot. At Cork it may be supposed that similar expectations have helped the enthusiasm evoked by the arrival of an American Minister. Mr. Lawrence, however, to his credit, speaks only of such a communication as might be supposed to exist between two equally spreading and equally increasing nations. He delicately avoids any allusion to that uniform onward movement—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*, from Ireland to the opposite shore.

In the face of facts, it certainly required all the force of politeness in an American Minister, standing at Galway or at Cork, to wish happiness for the Irish in their own country, and to point out the natural resources by which six million, eight

million, ten million, or fifteen million people could be sustained in Ireland. The prosperity and happiness he speaks of may some day reign over that beautiful island. Its fertile soil, its rivers and lakes, its water-power, its minerals, and other materials for the wants and luxuries of man, may one day be developed; but all appearances are against the belief that this will ever happen in the days of the Celt. That tribe will soon fulfil the great law of Providence which seems to enjoin and reward the union of races. It will mix with the Anglo-American, and be known no more as a jealous and separate people. Its present place will be occupied by the more mixed, more docile, and more serviceable race, which has long borne the yoke of sturdy industry in this island, which can submit to a master and obey the law. This is no longer a dream, for it is a fact now in progress, and every day more apparent. No kind wishes, no legislative measures can stay the exodus of a people who have once found the path from intolerable degradation to comfortable and dignified independence. Even if the rulers of this country should change their mind, and resolve not to let the people go, that resistance would only add another impulse to the movement. As the Irish have clung together at home, so will they cling together in their wanderings. That at least is what they do now. It is scarcely possible to suppose Mr. Abbot Lawrence blind to what passes before his eyes, and we can only admire the dexterous politeness with which he expresses his sympathy and his hopes for the Irish, with scarcely a hint at their flight from the land of their fathers to the country of which he is the representative.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF SUCCOR.

INTELLIGENCE with regard to the progress of the parties in search of Sir John Franklin's expedition arrived in this country last month, by the *Tyne* (Captain Ord), and by one of the vessels of research, the *Lady Franklin*, under Captain Penny. The intelligence thus brought is so far satisfactory as that it has been discovered that the missing expedition passed its first winter in a cove between Cape Riley (where the tracks of Sir John Franklin were first discovered) and Beechey Island, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that up to that period any disaster of any description had occurred, beyond the ordinary casualties of life among such a number; three men having died of the two ships' companies up to April, 1846. On the other hand, with the exception of Captain Penny's discovery of open sea to the northward, the intelligence of the progress of the expeditions of succor is somewhat disheartening. Captain Austin's expedition being about to give up the research and explore Jones' Sound in Baffin's Bay, while, with respect to the American expedition—the same strange event had happened to it as happened to Sir James Ross—the ships had actually been conveyed against their will, imbedded in ice, through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound, and thence into Baffin's Bay, to a point South of Cape Walsingham; a distance exceeding 1050 miles.

It is truly vexatious that Sir Edward Parry having proceeded from Barrow's Strait in a direct course to Melville Island, and returned without experiencing any, or very little difficulty, no expedition can now succeed in getting so far to the west-

ward except by land or sledge parties. In the instructions given to Sir John Franklin, the fact of Sir Edward Parry's successful navigation of this passage was particularly dwelt upon, and it was added, that "it was hoped that the remaining portion of the passage, about 900 miles to Behring's Strait, might also be found free from obstruction; that in proceeding to the westward, therefore, Sir John Franklin was not to stop to examine any openings, either to the northward or southward, in that strait, but to continue to push to the westward without loss of time, in the latitude of about 74½ deg., till he should have reached that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98 deg. west. Once arrived at that point, every effort was to be used to endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We are obliged to return to these instructions in order that the existing state of things may be the better understood. It has been ascertained that Sir John Franklin wintered on Beechey Island at the mouth of Wellington Channel, and there is now a difference of opinion as to whether he proceeded, on the breaking up of the ice, in the direction pointed out to him by his instructions, or up Wellington Channel to the open sea discovered by Capt. Penny. It is to be remarked that Sir John Franklin's ships were provided with serews, and, if Barrow's Strait was in any degree as open in the summer of 1846 as it was when sailed through by Sir Edward Parry, the expedition would have been able to make its way in a brief time to beyond Cape Walker or Melville Island, and consequently beyond what any of the sledge parties sent out by Captain Austin were able to accomplish. The absence of indications of the progress of the missing expedition, taken as evidence of their not being further to the westward, can only be received as of minor degree, for it was expressly enjoined, as we see above, in the instructions to Sir John Franklin, that he should not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward, but continue to push to the westward. We do not say this now that the longitude of 103 deg. 25 min. W. along the south shore, and 114 deg. 20 min. W. along the north shore, has been reached by the sledge parties without success; we merely repeat what we said before (*New Monthly*, part i., 1850, p. 97), that the *Erebus* and *Terror* may have remained frozen in from the very onset in the channels or straits between Walker's Land and Banks' Land; they may, after being repulsed from those straits, have made their way further westward, and have got shut up beyond the North Georgian or Parry Islands. They may have remained shut up in some of the passages between Walker's Lands and Victoria and Wollaston Lands, or they may have remained amid unknown seas, lands, or ices to the northward or westward of Banks' Land and Melville Island. A category that we did not take into account, and which we should be very unwilling to admit, seems to have presented itself in addition to the expedition of succor, which is, that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, being unsuccessful in Barrow's Strait, returned, or perchance were carried out of that strait and Lancaster Sound, and are frozen in in some other sound or channel. Naturally a last and more melancholy category presents itself, that both ships may have been nipped by the ice or otherwise lost with their gallant crews. But almost all precedents, and all

the facts of the case, preclude this disheartening view of the matter. If a fatal accident had happened to one ship, it is very unlikely that it should have also occurred to the other. Again, if both ships had been lost in seas so crowded with land and ice, it is very unlikely that some of the crew did not escape. If the expedition returned out of Lancaster Sound, as seems now to be surmised, the two ships may have been lost in Baffin's Bay. Lastly, there is the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his unfortunate crew, which remains in the dark background of successive Arctic writers, but Heaven avert so sad a calamity!

The question is, however, what have the expeditions of succor, with whose labors we are now acquainted, done to satisfy the mind upon any of these given categories? To answer this we must enter somewhat into detail. After the discovery of the tracks of Sir John Franklin, near Cape Riley, the shore was searched further to the northward, till the ships were stopped by the fixed ice, about four miles beyond Point Innes. On the 25th of August, a lead opening towards Cape Hotham, Captain Ommanney, of the *Assistance*, despatched the *Intrepid* to take advantage of it, following himself in the *Assistance*, while Captain Penny remained to search the bay between Cape Riley and Beechey Island. At this time the *Felix*, Sir John Ross, the *Rescue*, Lieutenant de Haven, and the United States' schr. *Advance*, were, with Capt. Penny's two brigs, *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, all within a short distance of one another, exploring the shores and islands at the mouth of Wellington Channel. The *Resolute*, Captain Austin, did not reach the same spot till the 29th. On the 26th of August traces were found to the northward of Port Innes. These consisted of fragments of clothing, preserved meat tins, and scraps of papers; one of which bore the name of M'Donald, assistant-surgeon of the *Terror*. On the 27th, Captain Penny's parties reported graves. They bore respectively the names of W. Braine, R. M., and John Hartnell of the *Erebus*, and John Torrington of the *Terror*; the date of the latest death being the 3rd of April, 1846. Added to these sad, but unmistakable evidences, were the remains of the observatory, carpenter's shop, and armorer's forge. Upon the hill-side and beach were fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat-tins. Everything indicated permanency and organization. All parties were satisfied that Sir John Franklin's party had wintered here in the season of 1845-46; and thus Colonel Sabine's suggestion last year, that the remains at Cape Riley were those of a second magnetic observatory, established not far from the winter quarters of the expedition, remains still the most likely one. Captain Austin, who arrived the next day, added, that there was circumstantial evidence sufficient to prove that the departure of the expedition was somewhat sudden, but whether at an early or a late season of the year was very difficult to determine. Still, no doubt, the cause of that sudden departure would be the breaking up of the ice, and the question is, was that to the westward or to the northward?

On the afternoon of the 4th of September, upon a southerly movement of the ice, the *Assistance* rounded Cape Hotham, and the United States' expedition reached to near Barlow Inlet. On the 9th almost all the ships succeeded in relieving themselves from the ice, and gaining the water between Cornwallis Island and the pack at the south; they pushed on, for once, with raised hopes

to the westward, but were soon brought to by an extensive floe, which stretched from the south-west end of Griffith Island to the southward, as far as the eye could reach. The different vessels lay on and off this floe from the 10th till the 13th, when after much labor and difficulty they cleared the bay and stream ice, and reached open water east of Griffith Island, and, after some further delay, and many severe trials, they were obliged to lay up for the winter, Captain Austin's vessels being locked up in the ice, in the strait between Griffith and Cornwallis Islands.

During the long arctic winter of 1850-51, the vessels, although not so conveniently circumstanced as was hoped for, held communication with one another, and arrangements were made for exploratory journeys in sledges in the spring. With a view to facilitate these, sledges were sent out before the winter attained a maximum of severity, with provisions to be placed in dépôt for the parties that were to take the direction of Cape Walker and Melville Island; the expedition under Captain Penny undertaking the search of Wellington Strait.

All joined heart and hand in making efforts for success. Walking and sledge-dragging were measures of training adopted whenever the weather would permit. By the 28th of March, the equipment of the sledges was generally complete, and the best feeling and highest spirits prevailed throughout the expedition, but weather and temperature (the thermometer ranging from 10 deg. to 43 deg. *minus*) delayed their departure.

On the 4th of April, the thermometer still indicating 38 deg. below freezing point, the first party started under Mr. M'Dougall, second-master, and the weather becoming more favorable, on the morning of the 12th the whole of the sledges, fourteen in number, manned by 104 officers and men, and provisioned, some for forty, and others for forty-two days, with an average dragging weight of 205 pounds per man, were conducted, under the command of Captain Ommanney, to an advanced position on the ice, off the north-west end of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, luncheon cooked, and all closely inspected by the commander of the expedition, Captain Austin; after which, says the gallant captain, "all retired to pass the next day, being Sunday, in quiet reflection and prayer."

The parties were not, however, enabled to take their departure till the evening of the 15th of April, when, the wind having fallen, and the temperature somewhat improved, all proceeded to their sledges. "On arrival," to use Captain Austin's own words again, "a short period was devoted to refreshment, after which all joined in offering up a prayer for protection and guidance; then started, with, perhaps, as much determination and enthusiasm as ever existed, with the certainty of having to undergo great labor, fatigue, and privation."

The so-called extended parties proceeded with six sledges, three along the south shore and three along the north shore, of what, for want of a better designation, may be termed Parry's Strait—that is, the westerly prolongation of Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait. The first sledge on the south shore, the *Reliance*, under Captain Ommanney, was out sixty days, and travelled 480 miles, during which it discovered no less than 205 miles of unknown coast. The second, the *True Blue*, under Lieutenant Osborne, was out fifty-eight days, and travelled 506 miles, during which it discovered seventy miles of new coast. The third, the *Enter-*

prise, under Lieutenant Browne, was out forty-four days, and travelled 375 miles, during which it discovered 150 miles of new coast. The extreme westerly point reached was by the *True Blue* party, which reached the longitude of 103, 25 W. The outline of new coast discovered has not been published yet, but the latitudes 72 deg. 44 min., 72 deg. 18 min., and 72 deg. 49 min., at which the different expeditions attained their greatest distance, show a southerly, or south-westerly trending of the shore. The extreme point reached by the *True Blue* lies, indeed, almost half-way between Leopold Island and Point Turnagain, on the coast of the American continent.

It is stated in an article in the *Illustrated London News*, the chief material for which has apparently been communicated by Captain Penny, that Barrow's Strait was thoroughly searched, not only as far westward as Cape Walker, but to Banks' Land. The *Athenæum* does not say quite as much, but intimates that Captain Ommanney visited Cape Walker, and the land trending west, as far as 100 deg. 42 min. west longitude; and Lieut. Osborne extended the exploration in the same direction to 103 deg. 25 min. west longitude. The writer in the *Athenæum* adds afterwards, "From the configuration of the coast adjacent to Cape Walker, it became evident that Sir John Franklin could not have advanced with his ships in that direction." But to what latitudes did these south-westerly explorations lead? In Captain Ommanney's case, to 72 deg. 44 min.; in Lieutenant Osborne's, to 72 deg. 18 min.! Laying these courses down upon the map, we find little light thrown upon the regions between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and certainly nothing, as far as has yet been shown, to warrant any such deductions as are made by our two hebdomadal contemporaries.

In the exploration of the north shore, the first sledge, *Lady Franklin*, under the charge of Lieutenant Aldrich, was sixty-two days travelling 550 miles, during which seventy miles of new land were discovered. The second—the *Perseverance*—under Lieutenant M'Clintock, was out eighty days, travelling 760 miles, during which forty miles of new coast were discovered. The third—the *Resolute*—under Surgeon Bradford, was out also eighty days, travelling 669 miles, and discovered no less than 135 miles of coast. The furthest point reached was by Lieutenant M'Clintock's party, which attained the parallel of 114 deg. 20 min. in lat. 74 deg. 38 min. This was beyond the extreme south-westerly point of Melville Island, and further westward than has yet been reached; Captain Sir Edward Parry having put about in long. 113 deg. 48 min. 29 sec., upon which occasion the expedition became entitled to a reward of 5000*l.* when they crossed the meridian of 110 deg. west. Lieutenant M'Clintock appears also to have been in an admirable position, half-way between Melville Island and Banks' Land, and the circumstance of his not meeting with any traces of the missing expedition at such a remarkable point is a matter of very serious import.

The sledges *Lady Franklin* and the *Resolute* travelled in higher latitudes, and did not effect so good a westing. Both appear to have been stopped a little to the north-eastward of Sabine Island, but still both journeys were alike remarkable and full of interest. The details of such trying expeditions will, indeed, be looked forward to with the greatest avidity. They attest, with Captain Penny's explorations, that such a system of exploration—that of boats and sledges conjointly—is the one best adapted

to the difficulties of the country, and one which probably might be improved upon by experience.

While these extended expeditions were out, others of more limited extent were also despatched on exploratory business, with refreshments for the extended parties on their return, to make observations, fix positions, and deposit records, &c. Yet so great was the exposure and labor even of these limited expeditions, which all returned at periods between the 27th of April and 19th of May, that no less than eighteen men suffered from frost-bite, and one of them, George S. Malcolm, who acted as captain of the sledge *Excellent*, perished from exhaustion and cold. The extended parties returned between the 28th of May and the 4th of July, in safety and good health, and only requiring a little rest and comfort to repair the effects of privation and fatigue.

Captain Austin observes upon the negative results obtained by all these sledge-exploring parties, "I have now the honor to state, that having maturely considered the directions and extent of the search (without success) that has been made by this expedition, and weighed the opinions of the officers when at their extremes, I have arrived at the conclusion that the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Straits; and having communicated with Captain Penny, and fully considered his official reply to my letter, relative to the search of Wellington Strait by the expedition under his charge (unhappily without success), I do not feel authorized to prosecute (even if practicable) a further search in those directions."

"It is now my intention to proceed with all despatch to attempt the search of Jones' Sound. Looking to their lordships' intention, and to the impression that may now become strengthened with reference thereto, I have at the last moment the satisfaction of stating that we are proceeding under favorable circumstances."

The great facts in favor of the conclusions arrived at by Captain Austin and his brother-officers are, that the sledges, especially the *Perseverance*, proceeded so far without falling in with the missing expedition, or with any traces of it. Some notice of its passage along Parry's Strait, supposing such to have been accomplished, it would have been supposed would at least have been met with at such prominent situations as Cape Walker, the extreme south-west point of Melville Island, or elsewhere. But again, had Parry's Channel been open to navigation, the expedition might have sailed right on to beyond a meridian of 114 deg. west, without stopping on its way, or it may have taken a south-westerly direction. There still remains an immense tract of land, ice, or sea between the extreme reached by the *True Blue* and Bank's Land. If the results obtained by the sledge explorations of Parry's Strait and archipelago negative the idea of Sir John Franklin's expedition having prosecuted the object of its mission to the southward or westward of Wellington Strait, so, also, would the results obtained by the sledge and boat explorations of Captain Penny's party attest that Sir John Franklin's expedition did not proceed up Wellington Strait. Yet Captain Penny appears to be impressed with quite a contrary notion, and thinks that the missing expedition may have proceeded that way, although no traces were found after exploring many hundred miles of coast, ice, and water. And why does Captain Penny admit such an impression? Apparently simply because he and his parties met with open water in that

direction. But there was also open water in the direction of Parry's Strait in 1819, and there might have been the same in 1846. Be that as it may, it is not likely that, having wintered in Wellington Strait, the expedition would have sailed out of Barrow Strait and Lancaster Sound to explore Jones' Sound. Again, the expedition appears to have been so sanguine of success, and so ardent in its progress onward, as to have thought but little of leaving records of its doings. Had a document of its purports and intentions been left at its first winter quarters, a world of doubt would have been removed at once. We are quite prepared to give all due and respectful weight to opinions formed on the ground by experienced officers, who have labored and suffered so much in the cause; but still we can but express our humble opinion that the results arrived at are still of a more or less negative character, and that it is by no means certain, at least from anything yet given to the public, "that the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait."

The question remains, supposing this conclusion to be the correct one, did the expedition sail up Wellington Strait? A view of the case which appears to be warmly advocated by Captain Penny, who is well qualified to give an opinion upon the subject, having been engaged in the exploration of that strait. In the first place, Captain Penny speaks, in his despatch of the 12th of April, 1851, of the traces of the missing expedition found at Cape Riley, as "apparently those of a retreating party," a view of the case which induced him to explore the east coast of Wellington Strait narrowly, when he found traces of a "hunting party" near Cape Spencer. Subsequently to this, a party of all his officers discovered the quarter which had been occupied by the vessels of Sir John Franklin in the winter of 1845-46. This was all the discoveries effected in 1850, and all at the entrance of Wellington Strait, which was so blocked up with old land ice that it could not be explored further; in consequence of which Captain Penny pushed his way through bay ice to Captain Austin's expedition off Griffith's Island. A more favorable appearance of the ice induced Captain Penny to make an attempt to reach Cape Walker before seeking a winter harbor; but after proceeding about twenty-five miles the ice became packed, which, with a heavy fog, caused him to put about to what has since been denominated Assistance Harbor, in Cornwallis Island, where the party passed the winter without a single case of sickness.

On the 17th of April, Captain Penny, as previously arranged with Captain Austin, started six sledges, with forty-one officers and men, variously officered by Captain Stewart of the *Sophia*, Messrs. Marshall, Reid, and J. Stuart, and Surgeons Sutherland and Goodsir, the latter of whom has a brother in the missing expedition, to explore Wellington Channel. On the 19th the temperature fell, and a gale of wind faced the sledge parties, (Captain Penny accompanying them on the onset in a dog-sledge,) and continuing with only partial intermissions till the 22d, the parties returned, after establishing depôts for future more extended explorations. These were ultimately undertaken on the 6th of May, when, after a short prayer to the Almighty to enable them to do their duty, the sledges again started.

Rapid journeys were at first made with the dog-

sledges to Cape Dubarn, in north latitude 75 deg. 22 min., whence the land trended north-west ten miles to Point Decision, where a hill of 400 feet in height was ascended. Mr. Goodsir followed the line of coast hence, which still trended in a north-west direction, while Captain Penny proceeded over the ice in a direction north-west by north to an island named Baillie Hamilton Island. This was on the 15th of May. The ice in the strait between Hamilton and Cornwallis Islands was seen to be in a very decayed state, and on the 17th, after travelling round the island first in a N.N.E. and afterwards in a N.N.W. direction, they opened upon another strait, in which was twenty-five miles of clear water; an island was seen bearing west half-south, distant forty miles; and a headland distant fifteen miles west by north, the dark sky over this head indicating the presence of water on the other side. This point was found to be in 76 deg. 2 min. north latitude, and 95 deg. 55 min. west longitude. Further progress being thus prevented by the important discovery of open water, Captain Penny returned to his ships by rapid journeys, and set the carpenter and people to work to prepare a boat at once. This was started on the 4th of June with one auxiliary sledge and one dog sledge; the whole party being in charge of Mr. Manson. Water had by this time been also seen by Mr. Goodsir and others when in 75 deg. 36 min. north latitude and 96 west longitude. After some little difficulties and delays, occasioned by the sledge on which the boat was placed being unfit for its purpose—an inconvenience soon remedied by the indefatigable Captain Penny—the boat was launched into the water and laden. Captain Penny, who proceeded himself on the dangerous navigation, proceeded at first about ten miles to the westward, when he was obliged to take shelter in an adjacent bay, in consequence of a head sea and strong westerly gale. From that date, June 17th, until the 20th of July, 310 miles of coast were examined by the boat under very disadvantageous circumstances, arising from constant unfavorable winds and rapid tides. The provisions being then within eight days of being consumed, and their distance from the ship such that prudence did not warrant further perseverance, they commenced their return, the weather being boisterous in the extreme, with continuous rain, so that when they left the open water, and got upon the ice, they had to ford rapid streams!

On his return, Captain Penny was agreeably surprised to hear that Barrow Strait had been open as far as could be seen since the 2d of July, and not having found such traces of the missing expedition as would warrant the risk of a second winter, his orders being such also as left him no alternative, he set off on his return to England the moment the vessels were free of ice and all the sledge parties had returned. This appears to have been at or about the 12th of August, when Captain Penny's expedition last spoke Captain Austin's. The details of the proceedings of the other exploratory parties are only incidentally alluded to by Captain Penny. For particulars of the different searches the captain refers to reports which accompanied his own of September 8th, 1851, to the Lords of the Admiralty, and a sketch has since appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. It appears that the northern shores of Cornwallis and Bathurst Islands were in part, if not wholly, explored, thus bringing the researches of the sledge parties of Captain Penny's expedition into very close contact with those carried on by the sledges *Resolute* and

Lady Franklin, of Captain Austin's Expedition. It appears also that Messrs. Goodsir and Marshall, who carried on these researches, were obliged to return when 99 west, in consequence of water. They thus did not proceed far over Bathurst Island, but, without knowing the exact course followed by the sledges *Resolute* and *Lady Franklin*, it would not appear at all likely that the missing expedition lies anywhere between the two extreme points attained by the two parties in question. It appears also that Captain Stewart, of the *Sophia*, with Dr. Sutherland as his auxiliary, explored during the same period a considerable extent of the east coast of Wellington Strait, and the south shores of Albert Land.

If Captain Penny then really entertains sanguine hopes of finding further traces of the missing expedition up Wellington Channel, it must be in the direction of that open water which he explored for a distance of 310 miles, and then was only forced back by want of provisions, having been out in an open boat and the most severe climate in the world for no less than thirty-three days.* It is not impossible that Jones' Sound, which Captain Austin proposes to explore, before giving up all further attempts at succor, may communicate with this open sea north of Wellington Strait; but, considering the width of land between Cape Riley and Cape Leopold, or from west to east of Albert Land, forming the whole northern shore of Barrow Strait and Lancaster Sound, it is exceedingly improbable. Not finding any traces of the missing expedition in Wellington Strait besides those discovered in 1850, is, as observed with regard to similar results obtained from the exploration of Parry's Strait, only negative evidence. It still remains, in the present position of affairs, exceedingly difficult to determine whether the missing expedition proceeded by Wellington Channel, Parry's Channel, or some unexplored channel between the extremes reached by the *True Blue* and *Reliance* sledges, and Banks' Land. Under any case, the sea must have opened in 1846 in a most favorable manner, and the expedition have sailed at once, and without leaving a trace behind it, in any one of these given directions to beyond where research and explorations have succeeded in penetrating. Or does this absence of

all tracks, between the first winter expedition and the extreme points reached by the different sledge and boat parties, indicate some great catastrophe which must have occurred in the summer of 1846? If so, it is most likely that some traces of wreck would have been met with by one or more of the numerous sledging parties. The probabilities of the safety of Sir John Franklin's expedition are, therefore, strengthened rather than diminished by these explorations. Captain Penny talks of the tracks as those of a retreating party. If so, the expedition, as appears to be surmised by Captain Austin as a forlorn hope, may have gone out of Lancaster Sound, and proceeded to explore Jones' or some other sound in the north-west corner of Baffin's Bay, or the ships may have been carried out by the ice like Sir James Ross's and the American expedition, and got into the inlets south of Pond's Bay. Captain Austin's expedition, however, evidently did not entertain the idea of the missing expedition having sailed up Wellington Channel, or having been carried out of Lancaster Sound, when they proceeded, after examining the winter quarters of the expedition, to the westward, and carried on their sledge explorations, with the exception of the *Enterprise*, *Reliance* and *True Blue*, which got too far to the eastward, in that direction. Had Parry's Channel been open, as it was when first navigated by Sir Edward Parry in 1819, Captain Austin's vessels would have advanced as far westward as the sledge *Perseverance*; while the same sledges, moving forward to a distance equal to what they attained from Captain Austin's winter quarters, would, on the one side, have nearly touched Cape Bathurst, on the other have been one third on the way to Point Barrow, and might not, impossibly, have opened communication with Captain Collinson's expedition. Most of all, however, next to the grief we experience at Captain Austin's expedition having proceeded to Jones' Sound instead of endeavoring to penetrate to Victoria Channel, do we regret that the line of coasting, extending between the extremes reached by the *Reliance* and the *True Blue* sledges, and Banks' Land, was not explored; we cannot see (in the absence of the accompanying outline of a chart sent in by Captain Austin to the Lords of the Admiralty) how, without that portion of land, water, or ice, being carefully explored, so important a conclusion can have been arrived at as that "the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait."

* It appears that Captain Penny is so sanguine of tracing the missing expedition by this strait, which has been denominated Queen Victoria Channel, that he has implored the Admiralty to give him a steamer to go and pursue his explorations immediately, and there is reason to believe that his application will be granted. Captain Penny also, it appears, found the shores of the newly-discovered open water to abound in birds and sea animals, a fact not mentioned in his official report to the Admiralty, but of a most consoling and most inspiring character. It not only conveys the delightful intimation of sustenance for the missing expedition, but, with the open sea, would indicate the possibility of the existence of a great Polar basin, with a higher temperature than that of the Arctic zone. In fact, Captain Penny himself goes so far as to believe that he has discovered the Great Arctic Ocean, that Sir John Franklin has sailed into it, and that in confirmation of a supposition entertained long since, this vast Polar Sea enjoys a milder temperature than the Arctic regions, previously known, and that it abounds with animal life. With such favorable prospects before us, and considering how safely, and in what good health, all the recent expeditions have carried on their explorations, it is surely worth while sending out at once an efficient steamer in the direction which presents the greatest, if not almost the only chance of success that has been discovered by the expeditions of succor.

Even if it has been determined by the positive trending of land that the missing expedition had not proceeded southward, it still remains questionable if it had not sailed direct beyond the extreme reached by Lieutenant M'Clintock. If, however, the officers of the expeditions of succor are satisfied from all evidence that this was the case, the few remaining probabilities will be in favor of Captain Penny's view of the subject, that the expedition prosecuted its course by the open sea north-west of Wellington and Victoria Channels, and is shut up in the almost boundless regions of water, ice, and land, that extend between Victoria Channel, or the Great Arctic Ocean and the high and extensive lands north of West Georgia, seen by Captain Kellett of the *Herald*, and others, and considered by some to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia) mentioned by Baron Wrangell in his "Polar Voyages." This is a great result to contemplate, and supposing such to be the case, and means of sustenance

to be found in the Great Arctic Ocean, the expedition of Sir John Franklin may find its own liberation by some happy opening in land or ice towards Behring's Straits, or to the southward. It may return upon its own track, or it may find its way to the coast of Asia or even of Europe!

From the Spectator.

LE MORVAN.*

THIS volume is a species of varied and animated topography; a class of book of which there is no very good specimen in English. The best of our local histories derive their value from their matters of fact; the freshness of their natural descriptions is owing to the perfect truth of their delineations; but it is rather like a camera obscura delineation than an artist's. Our inferior books are flat, or full of emptiness of a dead lively kind: the graver overwhelm the spirit of the past in the dry formalities of antiquarianism, the lighter "sketch" a variety of things without much precise knowledge of the subject or any animated grace of manner. We must go to a Frenchman for a mixture of history and science, manners and legends, descriptions of the earth and animated nature, together with field-sports, or what pass for such in France, all done with spirit and gayety, as well as with mastery, or something which looks like it. To get this light sparkling literature in perfection, a chaster taste and a more scrupulous attention to exactness are necessary than will always be found in our lively neighbors. Henri De Crignelle, Ancien Officier de Dragons, is somewhat addicted to use his pen a little too freely in mere writing, to over-elaborate the dramatic dialogues of his stories, and he has touches of the gallantry of the "ancien régime" in his frequent compliments and allusions to the ladies. His book, however, is a very pleasant book; fresh in subject, various in matter, lively in manner, and opening up a new district of wild nature and primitive life, which is something anywhere in these days of revolutions, railways, and advancing civilization, much more in a district within easy reach.

Le Morvan, anciently Morvennum, the Pagus Morvinus of Cæsar, is a district of France, in which are "included portions of the departments of the Nièvre and the Yonne, having on the west the vineyards of Burgundy, and on the east the mountains of the Nivernois." Its surface is various; sometimes extending into plains, sometimes rising into mountains, sometimes forming well-watered valleys, where the bottom may run into marsh or bog. Its productions embrace two out of the three sources of agricultural riches, corn and wine; it is pretty thickly studded with ruins, castles, and legends, or local stories; it has a superstitious primitive population, devoted to its priests, and insensible to the eloquence and blandishments of republican orators—who fare but badly in Le Morvan. The most remarkable features of Le Morvan, and the sources of its wealth, are its forests, which yet cover a considerable extent of country, as gloomy and as grand if not so extensive as in the days when they were head-quarters of the

Druids, as they are still the resort of the bear, the wolf, and the wild-cat, besides roebuck, and lesser game. These are the things which, in M. De Crignelle's opinion, furnish a temptation to the British sportsman who is fluent in French, hardy in habit, and enthusiastic in his love of the chase. It would be as well, however, for the intending visitor to make some further inquiries into the means or rights of sporting a stranger may possess. Countries that have no game-laws have often very rigid laws of trespass, which your non-qualified sportsman dislikes a great deal more.

Among the various topics of M. De Crignelle, the descriptions of the country are the most informing, the legends or stories the most "interesting," the sporting accounts the most seasonable, and in a certain sense the most practical. The English or Anglo-Indian sportsman must not, however, expect the same kind of manly, open, fair-play style of doing business, which characterizes the proceedings of the odds-giving Briton. Pot is the purpose of Le Morvan; "quocumque modo, rem," the motto of the district; you go out to catch, so catch when you can. In the case of the wolf, who does considerable damage and sometimes destroys infant life, this anyhow proceeding is not surprising; but think of calling the perpetrator of these "cabbage and poodle" doings an "enthusiastic sportsman"!

At some distance above Sermiselle, where the silence and solitude of the country still reign, a very curious mode of fishing is adopted during the burning heat of the summer months. About mid-day, when the sun in all its power shoots his golden rays perpendicularly on the waters, illuminating every large hole even in the profoundest depths, the large fish leave them, and, ascending to the surface, remain under the cool shade of the trees, watching for whatever tit-bit or delicacy the stream may bring with it, while others prefer a quiet saunter, or, with the dorsal fin above the water, lie so still and stationary, near some lily or other aquatic plant, that they seem perfectly asleep.

The enthusiastic sportsman, who fears neither storms nor a coup-de-soleil, makes his appearance about this time, without, it is true, either fishing-rod, lines, worms, flies, or bait of any description, but having under his left arm a double-barrel gun, in his right hand a large cabbage, and at his heels a clever poodle. The fisherman, or the huntsman, I scarcely know which to call him, now duly reconnoitres the river, fixes upon some tree, the large and lower branches of which spread over it, ascends with his gun and his cabbage, and, having taken up an equestrian position upon one of the projecting arms, examines the surface of the deep stream below him. He has not been long on his perch when he perceives a stately pike paddling up the river: a leaf is instantly broken off the cabbage, and when the Branchiostegus has approached sufficiently near, is thrown into the water; frightened, the voracious fish at once disappears; but shortly after rises, and, grateful to the unknown and kind friend who has sent him this admirable parasol, he goes towards it, and, after pushing it about for a few seconds with his nose, finally places himself comfortably under its protecting shade. The sportsman, watching the animated gyrations of his cabbage-leaf, immediately fires; when the poodle, whose sagacity is quite equal to that of his master, plunges into the water, and if the fish is either dead or severely wounded, fails not to bring out with him the scaly morsel.

The general mode of destroying wolves is after the Indian fashion; the peasantry of the district assembling to beat the forests, and the sportsmen, placed on the outside, firing at the animals when they are at last driven out of cover. The hunting

* Le Morvan, [a District of France,] its Wild Sports, Vineyards, and Forests; with Legends, Antiquities, Rural and Local Sketches. By Henri De Crignelle, Ancien Officier de Dragons. Translated from the Original Manuscript in French, by Captain Jesse, Author of "Life of Brummell," &c., &c. Published by Saunders and Otley.

of them is occasionally practised; but it seems a tough job, unless with the case of helpless cubs, which the dragoon officer terms "capital sport."

Wolves are likewise hunted all the year round with dogs, by gentlemen in the neighborhood of the forest. But this sport is very fatiguing and weary work, if that animal alone is employed; for nothing is so difficult as to get up with a cunning old wolf, whose sinewy limbs never tire, and whose wind never fails—who goes straight ahead ten or fifteen miles without looking behind him: if he meets with a *mare*, or stream of water, on his road, then your chance is indeed up; for into it he plunges, and makes off again, quite as fresh as he was when he left his lair.

The best and most expeditious mode of taking a wolf, is to set a blood-hound on him, bred expressly for this particular sport; large grey-hounds being placed in ambush, at proper distances, and slipped, when the wolf makes his appearance in crossing from one wood to another. These dogs, by their superior swiftness, are soon at his haunches, and worry and impede his flight, until their heavy friend the hound comes up; for the strongest grey-hound could never manage a wolf, unless he was assisted in his meritorious work by dogs of large size and superior strength. The huntsmen, well mounted, follow, and halloo on the hounds; every one runs, every one shouts, the forest echoes with their cries, and wolf, dogs, and sportsmen pass and disappear like leaves in a whirlwind, or the demon hounds and huntsmen of the Hartz. And now the panting beast, with hair on end and foaming at the mouth, bitten in every part, is brought to bay—his hour is come—no longer able to fly, he sets his back against some rock or tree, and faces his numerous enemies.

It is then that the oldest huntsman of the party, in order to shorten his death-agony, and save the dogs from unnecessary wounds, dismounts, and, drawing a pistol from his hunting-belt, finishes his career before further mischief is done. When a ball hits a wolf and breaks one of his bones, he immediately gives a yell; but if he is despatched with sticks and bludgeons, he makes no complaint. Stubborn, and apparently either insensible or resolute, Nature seems to have given him great powers of endurance in suffering pain. Having lost all hope of escape, he ceases to cry and complain; he remains on the defensive, bites in silence, and dies as he has lived. In a sheepfold, the noise of his teeth while indulging his appetite is like the repeated crack of a whip. His bite is terrible.

The months of September and October, the period for cub-hunting, afford capital sport. The young wolves are not like the old ones, strong enough to take a straight course, and they consequently can rarely do more than run a ring: when tired, which is soon the case, they retire backwards into some hole or under a large stone, where they show their teeth, and await, with a juvenile courage worthy of a better fate, the onset of their assailants.

There is a good sketch of the habits of the woodcock, and a clever account of the modes of catching them in snares—for it is a misnomer to call that night process sport. The mode of shooting them is little better; it takes place in the breeding season; the so-called sportsmen attacking the bird when its passions overcome its fears and wariness, by hiding himself and proceeding in this wise.

The silence in which you have till then remained is suddenly broken by shouts of "They come! they come!" quickly followed by bang, bang, bang, along the glade. And here indeed they are, at first by twos and threes, and then a compact flight, whirling along with appealing cries of love, fluttering, and flipping their wings, and pursuing one another from bush to bush. They show now neither fear nor circumspection,

and crazy, blind and deaf, scarcely seem to notice the noise, the flashes, or the cries of the sportsmen. At length all is in complete confusion. They toss and twirl about like great leaves in a hurricane, and finally fly, with their ranks somewhat diminished, to their several homes. This sport lasts but a short half-hour; after which, the woodcocks having said all they had to say, made and accepted their engagements for the following day, vanish as if by magic, like the puff of a cigar, a shadow, or a royal promise, and the same silence that preceded their arrival, reigns once more in the forest. No gun is loaded after their departure: the sportsmen assemble, count the dead, never so numerous as one might suppose, and having bagged them, also retire from the scene. I have known one person kill four couple of woodcocks in this manner, but it was quite an exceptional case; two or three is nearer the usual number. Chance, as in war, in marriage, in everything, is frequently the secret of success; but if you are not cool and collected, and handy with your gun, you will scarce carry a *salmi* home to your expectant friends. To the young sportsman, the novelty, confusion, and hubbub of these evening shooting parties, are perfectly bewildering; Parisian cockneys, above all, are quite beside themselves—shutting first one eye and then the other, firing, of course, without having taken any aim, and eventually beating a retreat without a feather in their game-bags.

It appears, from the preface, that M. Dr. Crignelle is an exile in England, and has written this book at the persuasion of his friends, which Captain Jesse has translated for publication; the funds have been furnished by "a noble lady, the mother of a distinguished English nobleman."

From the Spectator.

MEDICAL ARTICLES OF FAITH.

THERE must be some truth in the homœopathic doctrine of the efficacy of minute doses. In Edinburgh, the favorite haunt of medicines and medical practitioners, there are only five homœopathic doctors—a number scarcely to be detected by microscopic inspection among the swarms of licentiates who jostle each other in the streets; and yet, it appears from a batch of pamphlets recently sent to us from the Modern Athens, their presence has excited a consternation among the orthodox medicos, the effects of which might supply worthy matter for the pen of a Swift, or a Molière, or a Rabelais—who was himself a physician.

The first fulmination against the homœopathic heresy in Edinburgh emanated from the college of physicians. These learned Thebans, in full divan assembled, passed a series of resolutions, in language such as has rarely been adopted by an antepandral meeting. After premising that no person could be ignorant of the light in which the college regards homœopathy, they declared, that all Fellows who become homœopathic practitioners "endanger the reputation of the college," that they become "merely nominal Fellows," and hold "a false position and spurious credit." They further protested, that all such renegades from the true medical faith "must necessarily be aliens to the other Fellows and to the profession at large," inasmuch as "no Fellow of his college, or any other physician, can by any possibility, without derogating from his own honor and the honor of the profession, meet professors of homœopathy in consultation, or coöperate with them in the other common duties of professional life." The practical

application of these dogmas was, a broad hint to the black sheep against whom they were levelled, that they ought forthwith to resign their fellowships. The Council of the College were directed to transmit copies of the resolutions to all known offenders; and their secretary, catching the peculiar spirit of courtesy that inspired them, subjoined to the name of Dr. Henderson, in the copy transmitted to that gentleman, not his legitimate title of "Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh," but the designation "Practitioner of Homeopathy"—which the doctor, without any desire to disclaim it, might warrantably object to, on the ground of the animus which dictated its selection.

Fielding's colonel, mad on the point of honor, with his favorite phrase of "the immortal dignity of man," is thrown into the shade by the more than Castilian punctilio of the Edinburgh physicians. These gentlemen, it appears, would hold it degradation to assist a fellow-being suddenly struck down by apoplexy, if a homeopathist held him in his arms. And Fielding's Mistress Slipshod could not have emphasized the words "low creatures" more felicitously than the secretary to the college did the title "practitioner of homeopathy." Judging by their anti-homeopathic resolutions, and forgetting for the moment their many real claims to respect, one might fancy the Edinburgh physicians to be a cross breed between a Brahmin with all his pride of caste and a lady's maid with all her airs and minauderie.

But the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh were resolved to outdo their neighbors of the College of Physicians. Soon after the latter had promulgated their resolutions, a student of medicine, suspected of homeopathic leanings, underwent the examinations preliminary to the obtaining of a diploma. The professors expressed themselves satisfied with his answers, till it occurred to one of them to ask him whether it was true that he intended to practise homeopathically? The candidate for medical honors replied, that he could not give a decisive answer till he had studied the subject; which, he added, he had determined to do. He was then asked, whether, in the event of his becoming convinced of the truth of homeopathy, he would burn or return his diploma. He replied, that considering the diploma a mere attestation to the amount of medical knowledge he had attained, he saw no necessity for doing so. He was then given to understand that the faculty would not pass him until he became convinced of the fallacy of infinitesimal doses. Habit has reconciled men to the practice of exacting from licentiates of theology solemn declarations, not merely that they believe, but that they will always continue to believe, certain doctrines; but the Edinburgh Faculty of Medicine is, we imagine, the first that has exacted from a candidate for a diploma a vow always to believe in a certain medical theory and adhere to a certain mode of medical practice. The professor could afford to smile at the impertinence of a college who had no power to remove him from his chair; but the luckless student was deprived by the faculty of that diploma which he had fairly earned by industrious and intelligent study. The college could only show their teeth—the faculty could bite.

The position assumed by the medical Canutes of Edinburgh is ludicrous. They are endeavoring by a new test act to arrest the rising tide of medical inquiry and experiment. They would deserve to be laughed down—the only treatment adapted to

their case—even if their proceedings affected homeopathists only. For, whatever those gentlemen may think, homeopathists are quite as much entitled to fair play, and the common courtesies which gentlemen of education practise in their intercourse with each other, as allopathists or any other pathists. But the mock-heroics and oppression of the Edinburgh doctors have a wider range of application. The artillery they have been playing off against homeopathy might be turned upon any other doctrine or practice against which they happen to be prepossessed. The progress of medical science can be retarded, if not arrested, by allowing corporate bodies to exact promissory vows against entertaining any new opinions. But *cui bono*, even to the obstructors? In our parallel theological experience, enforcement of tests has best served to thin the established churches.

From the Spectator.

MARGOLIOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN.*

THE Reverend Moses Margoliouth somewhat miscalculated his powers when he attempted history. The diffuse gossip, the turn for minute facts, the egotistical though well-meaning garrulity, which might pass muster in autobiographical narratives of missionary travels, are out of place in a history of any kind. Grasp of subject, elevation of mind, philosophy of view, and breadth of style, are desirable in the historian, if not necessary. If he cannot rise to the height of his subject, he should not change its nature; he must at least possess the critical faculty to perceive the true characteristics of his theme, so that he shall avoid speculations which are useless, and adapt his treatment to the prominent nature of his materials.

The questions, whether Jews came to Britain in company with Tyrian, Carthaginian, or Spanish merchants—whether they served under Caesar in his invasion, or settled in the country after the Romans conquered and colonized it—may all be passed by; the notices of their domiciliation under the Saxons are too slight and scanty to claim much space or attention from the historian—though the laws of Edward the Confessor distinctly establish that Jews were considered as aliens, without constitutional rights of any kind, deriving all their protection from the king's grace, whose property in a certain sense they were. The history of the Jews in this country properly begins with the Norman line: from William Rufus, till their expulsion under Edward the First, persecution and suffering is the main feature of their story, varied by pictures of manners, and by glimpses of consideration shown to individuals, either from religious indifference in some kings, or from the sort of feeling with which the ignorant regard professors of the black art, whom they dread and fawn upon, yet despise. During the three centuries and a half between their expulsion under Edward the First and their return under Cromwell and Charles the Second, individual Jews could doubtless have been found in England, but they were too few and too little noticed to furnish matter for history. With the immigration of Peninsular Jews under the Stuarts, and of Dutch or German Jews with William

* The History of the Jews in Great Britain. By the Reverend Moses Margoliouth, Author of "A Pilgrimage to the Land of My Fathers," &c., &c. In three volumes. Published by Bentley.

of Orange, the causes of their expatriation, their settlement in various localities, and the characters of the principal men among them, are the topics of prominence. As the National Debt and the moneyed interest grew into importance with the wars of Anne and the accession of the house of Brunswick, the Jew stock-jobber comes upon the scene, and particular men or "firms" take the pas, from Walpole's protégé Sampson Gideon, the ancestor of the house of Eardley, to the days of the Goldsmids, Rothschilds, and Ricardos. The spiritual condition of the chosen people in this country, and any laws affecting their social status, would of course form a feature in the narrative, as well as the history of the efforts made for their conversion, and the success.

The subject, however, is so bare of materials, and so little interesting in itself, that it would require very rare powers of mind and vivacity of manner to render the history attractive, till the narrative came down to the "anecdotes," often, perhaps, apocryphal, of the various great Jew money-dealers. These qualities M. Margoliouth is very far from possessing; nor does he even exhibit such qualities as might be fairly looked for. The nature of his materials compels him to exhibit the successive features of his subject after a hodge-podge fashion, but without any clear perception of their bearing on an orderly treatment of his theme. He does not appear to have exerted himself zealously in research; since a considerable authority for the Stock Exchange part of the subject is the gossip book of Mr. Francis, and the account of the attempts to give the Jews a seat in Parliament consists of little more than newspaper reports of speeches. Some curious but useless Hebrew reading—it cannot be called learning—will be found in the volumes, as well as a list of synagogues and charities, with traditional stories or curious facts, which the author's Jewish antecedents have enabled him to pick up. Some of them argue great superstition and ignorance; but it is not really greater than is exhibited by the peasantry of this and other countries, only it is displayed in a different way.

Amongst the many traditions current amongst the Jewish people at home and abroad respecting their ante-expulsion brethren, there is one of a curious character. It is to the following effect: that the spot in the river Thames where many of the poor exiles were drowned by the perfidy of a master mariner, is under the influence of ceaseless rage, and however calm and serene the river is elsewhere, that place is furiously boisterous. It is moreover affirmed that this relentless agitation is situated under the London Bridge. There are, even at the present day, some old-fashioned Hebrew families who implicitly credit the outrageous rage of the Thames. A small boat is now and then discovered by a Hebrew observer, filled with young and old credulous Jews, steering towards the supposed spot, in order to see and hear the noisy sympathy of the mighty waters.

This legend of the Goldsmid family is of kindred character.

The Jews have a curious legend about the Goldsmid family, which betrays no small measure of credulity on the part of many English Hebrews even in this our day. The legend is to the following effect. A Baal Shem, an operative Cabalist—in other words a thaumaturgos and prophet—used to live with the father of the Goldsmids. On his death-bed he summoned the patriarch Goldsmid, and delivered into his hands a box, which he strictly enjoined should not be opened till a certain period which the Baal Shem specified,

and in case of disobedience a torrent of fearful calamities would overwhelm the Goldsmids. The patriarch's curiosity was not aroused for some time; but in a few years after the Baal Shem's death, Goldsmid, the aged, half sceptic, half curious, forced open the fatal box, and then the Goldsmids began to learn what it was to disbelieve the words of a Baal Shem. The greatest calamity, however, which some Israelites discover in the history of that family, is that one branch has altogether merged into the Christian Church, and that the remainder are the leading members of the Reformed Synagogue. One of the latter has been created a baronet; in consequence, some say, of presenting ten thousand pounds to the London University.

These particulars touching the latter days of Lord George Gordon are new to us, in their minutiae. The account is a literal translation of a Hebrew letter, written by the late Meyer Joseph, who acted as the preceptor of Lord George in Judaism.

Lord George Gordon submitted, at an advanced age, to the operation of circumcision. The rite of the covenant of Abraham was administered to him in the town of Birmingham. The name of the individual who performed the operation was Rabbi Jacob Birmingham. When Lord G. Gordon recovered from the effects of the circumcision seal, he came to London, (and being already pretty well tutored in Jewish rites and customs, and was also able to read Hebrew with some degree of fluency,) he attended the Hamburg Synagogue, where he was called up to the reading of the law, and was honored with Me Shebayerach. He presented that synagogue with 100*l*. He then went to Paris, and wrote a book against Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; which proved libellous, and subjected his lordship to imprisonment at Newgate. Whilst in prison he was very regular in his Jewish observances; every morning he was seen with his phylacteries between his eyes, and opposite to his heart; every Saturday he had a public service in his room, by the aid of ten Polish Jews. He looked like a patriarch with his beautiful long beard. His Saturday's bread was baked according to the manner of the Jews, his wine was Jewish, his meat was Jewish, and he was the best Jew in the congregation of Israel. On his prison-wall were to be seen, first the Ten Commandments, in the Hebrew language, then the bag of the Talith, or fringed garment, and of the phylacteries. The court required him to bring bail; he brought two poor Polish Israelites as guarantees. The court would not accept them, because of their poverty. The rich Jews would do nothing towards assisting the prisoner, for fear of a persecution. He died in 1792, of a broken heart, and was interred in the Gordon family-vault.

Mr. Margoliouth claims to have a particular knowledge of the Rothschild family; but some of the stories he tells do not seem very veracious. Here is some of his gossip.

It must be owned, however, that his liberality was not commensurate with his wealth; nay, he was rather sparing in his charitable actions. There is a Mr. Herman, in London, an Israelite, a dealer in fine pictures and paintings. He used to know Rothschild, when in Manchester. They used frequently to meet together at the same dining-rooms. When Mr. H. was subsequently settled in London, he called upon the late chief Rabbi, Dr. Herschell, and asked him for a line of recommendation to Rothschild, with a view of disposing of a couple of most valuable paintings. The Rabbi vouchsafed the recommendation. Mr. Herman called upon the millionaire, his co-religionist, with the precious articles of art. Rothschild seemed startled when Mr. H. asked three hundred pounds for a picture, which was really cheap at that price. "What! three hundred pounds! I can-

not afford to spend so much money on pictures: I must buy ponies for my boys, and such like things, which are either useful or profitable; but I cannot throw away money on paintings. However, as the Rabbi recommended you to me, I will buy a picture from you for thirty pounds: I do not care what sort of a thing it is: I want to make it a present to some one: choose one from among your collection for that amount, and bring it to me." Thus spoke a man who counted his property by millions.

Yet with all his hoardings Rothschild was by no means a happy man. Dangers and assassinations seemed to haunt his imagination by day and by night; and not without grounds. Many a time, as he himself said, just before he sat down to dinner, a note would be put into his hand, running thus—"If you do not send me immediately the sum of five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out." He affected to despise such threats; they nevertheless exercised a direful effect upon the millionaire. He loaded his pistols every night before he went to bed, and put them beside him. He did not think himself more secure in his counting-house than he did in his bed. One day, whilst busily engaged in his golden occupation, two foreign gentlemen were announced, as desirous to see Baron Rothschild in propria persona.

The strangers had not the foresight to hold the letters of introduction in readiness; they stood therefore before the baron in the ludicrous attitude of having their eyes fixed upon the Hebrew Croesus, and with their hands rummaging in large European coat-pockets. The fervid and excited imagination of the baron conjured up a multitudinous array of conspiracies. Fancy eclipsed his reason; and in a fit of excitement he seized a huge ledger which he aimed and hurled at the mustachioed strangers, calling out at the same time for additional physical force. The astonished Italians, however, were not long after that in finding the important documents they looked for, which explained all. The baron begged the strangers' pardon for the unintentional insult, and was heard to articulate to himself, "Poor unhappy me! a victim to nervousness and fancy's terrors, all because of my money!"

It must be moreover confessed that the members of the synagogue generally did not entertain the same respect for him as the foreign Jews do for the Rothschilds of Frankfort. Some thought he might have done more for his brethren than he did; and that if he had only used the influence which he possessed with government, and the many friends which he had at court, all the civil disabilities with which the British Jews continued to be stigmatized would have been abolished, when the proposition was first mooted. "But Rothschild," said an intelligent English Jew to the writer, "was too great a slave to his money, and all other slavery was counted liberty in his sight."

There is a story current amongst the Jews, which must be looked upon as a story in a double sense, to the effect that Baron Rothschild was thinking of renouncing Judaism and of embracing Christianity. His eldest brother, Anselm, got to hear of it: he immediately wrote letters to his four brothers, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James, urging upon them to repair with the least possible delay to Frankfort. The brothers obeyed the summons. When all met, Anselm said, "I want you all to accompany me to our father's grave." When there, the first-born said, "I insist upon all of you taking a solemn oath at this solemn place, that you will never renounce the religion of your father, nor ever embrace Christianity." The brothers were taken by surprise, and of course took the required oath. The story is given, as it has been already stated, as an apocryphal narrative; but it shows that Baron Rothschild was looked upon with suspicion by his brethren, since they could conjure up a fiction of the kind, and give it the widest circulation.

One of the most interesting subjects in the book is the account of the schism under Mr. Marks, which we alluded to when reviewing that pastor's sermons. The late Chief Rabbi, Dr. Herschell, (when he was nearly superannuated,) took the revision of the service, and some other changes of form effected by the "West London Synagogue of British Jews," in such ill part that he excommunicated the whole congregation. On Dr. Herschell's death, a good deal was expected from his successor, but not much obtained; though the liberality of the age seems to be forcing something from him.

On the 12th December, 1844, Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler was elected Chief Rabbi of England. Great hopes were expressed respecting the new Rabbi's liberal spirit, so that the progress of reform would be expedited by his assuming the important office. In fact, Dr. Adler gave the Anglo-Hebrews to understand that such would be his policy. The day of installation, July 9th, 1845, at length arrived. Dr. Adler still intimated his readiness to espouse improvement; and all was gratulation and complacency. But before many months elapsed, Dr. Adler treated his flock like a vulture. He ratified the excommunication against the British Jews, which it was fondly hoped died away with the death of the fulminator. Dr. Adler began to carry out the bull in every iota, and actually prohibited matrimonial alliances between the members of the respective congregations. The consequence was, such a general dissatisfaction as was never experienced amongst the Anglo-Hebrews heretofore. The Rabbi gained no respect by his measure, and was obliged tacitly to retrace his intolerant step. The Rabbi rallied a little in consequence of retracting; but in the course of a couple of years he made another mistake, which gained him neither honor nor respect. A very influential member of the Burton street synagogue died, and Dr. Adler first objected to his being buried in his family grave in the Jewish cemetery; and when he found that he could not use his tyranny thus far, he prohibited the burial-service being read by the proper minister, but permitted the beadle, who is appointed to read the service over malefactors and suicides, to do it. The indignation was intense, and Dr. Adler had good reason to be crest-fallen. Sir Moses Montefiore espoused the Rabbi's conduct in everything; by which the Hebrew baronet's popularity suffered considerably amongst his co-religionists.

He is now endeavoring to redeem his pledge and his character. He is consenting to reform in the liturgy, and the next vestry meeting is to decide the affair. Of course it does not come with so good a grace as it would have done at the beginning of his ministry. But the Anglo-Hebrews admit the force of the adage, "Better late than never," and they already congratulate themselves that the British synagogues will date a new era from the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty."

CONFIDENCE IN MAN.—People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first, they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that, even when there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.—*Miss Bremer.*

From Household Words.

THE KEY OF THE STREET.

It is commonly asserted, and as commonly believed, that there are seventy thousand persons in London who get up every morning without the slightest knowledge as to where they shall lay their heads at night. However the number may be over or under stated, it is very certain that a vast quantity of people are daily in the above-mentioned uncertainty regarding sleeping accommodation, and that, when night approaches, a great majority solve the problem in a somewhat (to themselves) disagreeable manner, by not going to bed at all.

People who stop up, or out, all night, may be divided into three classes:—First, editors, bakers, market-gardeners, and all those who are kept out of their beds by business. Secondly, gentlemen and “gents,” anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the “lark” species, or intent on the navigation of the “spree.” Thirdly, and lastly, those ladies and gentlemen who do not go to bed, for the very simple reason that they have no beds to go to.

The members of this last class—a very numerous one—are said, facetiously, to possess “the key of the street.” And a remarkably disagreeable key it is. It will unlock for you all manner of caskets you would fain know nothing about. It is the “open sesame” to dens you never saw before, and would much rather never see again—a key to knowledge which should surely make the learner a sadder man, if it make him not a wiser one.

Come with me, luxurious tenant of heavy-draped four-poster—basker on feather-bed, and nestler in lawn sheets. Come with me, comfortable civic bolster-presser—snug woollen nightcap wearer. Come with me, even workmen, laborer, peasant—sleeper on narrow pallet—though your mattress be hard, and your rug coarse. Leave your bed—bad as it may be—and gaze on those who have no beds at all. Follow with me the veins and arteries of this huge giant that lies a-sleeping. Listen while with “the key of the street” I unlock the stony coffer, and bring forth the book, and from the macadamized page read forth the lore of midnight London Life.

I have no bed to-night. Why, it matters not. Perhaps I have lost my latch-key—perhaps I never had one; yet am fearful of knocking up my landlady after midnight. Perhaps I have a caprice—a fancy—for stopping up all night. At all events, I have no bed; and, saving ninepence (sixpence in silver and threepence in coppers), no money. I must walk the streets all night; for I cannot, look you, get anything in the shape of a bed for less than a shilling. Coffee-houses, into which—seduced by their cheap appearance—I have entered, and where I have humbly sought a lodging, laugh my ninepence to scorn. They demand impossible eighteen-pences—unattainable shillings. There is clearly no bed for me.

It is midnight—so the clanging tongue of St. Dunstan’s tells me—as I stand thus, bedless, at Temple Bar. I have walked a good deal during the day, and have an uncomfortable sensation in my feet, suggesting the idea that the soles of my boots are made of roasted brick-bats. I am thirsty, too, (it is July, and sultry,) and just as the last chime of St. Dunstan’s is heard, I have half-a-pint of porter—and a ninth part of my ninepence is gone from me forever. The public-house where I have it (or rather the beer-shop; for it is an establishment of the “glass of ale and sandwich” description) is an early-clos-

ing one; and the proprietor, as he serves me, yawningly orders the pot-boy to put up the shutters, for he is “off to bed.” Happy proprietor! There is a bristly-bearded tailor, too, very beery, having his last pint, who utters a similar somniferous intention. He calls it “Bedfordshire.” Thrice happy tailor!

I envy him fiercely, as he goes out, though, God wot, his bed-chamber may be but a squalid attic, and his bed a tattered hop-sack, with a slop great-coat—from the emporium of Messrs. Melchisedech and Son, and which he has been working at all day—for a coverlid. I envy his children (I am sure he has a frozzy, ragged brood of them), for they have at least somewhere to sleep,—I have n’t.

I watch, with a species of lazy curiosity, the whole process of closing the “Original Burton Ale House,” from the sudden shooting up of the shutters, through the area grating, like gigantic Jacks-in-a-box, to the final adjustment of screws and iron nuts. Then I bend my steps westward, and, at the corner of Wellington street, stop to contemplate a cab-stand.

Cudgel thyself, weary Brain—exhaust thyself, Invention—torture thyself, Ingenuity—all, and in vain, for the miserable acquisition of six feet of mattress and a blanket!

Had I the delightful impudence, now—the calm audacity—of my friend Bolt, I should not be five minutes without a bed. Bolt, I verily believe, would not have the slightest hesitation in walking into the grandest hotel in Albemarle street, or Jermyn street, asking for supper and a bootjack, having his bed warmed, and would trust to Providence, and his happy knack of falling, like a cat, on all fours, for deliverance in the morning. I could as soon imitate Bolt as I could dance on the tight-rope. Sponge again, that stern Jeremy Diddler, who always bullies you when you relieve him, and whose request for the loan of half a crown is more like a threat than a petition—Sponge, I say, would make a violent irruption into a friend’s room; and, if he did not turn him out of his bed, would at least take possession of his sofa and his great-coats for the night, and impetuously demand breakfast in the morning. If I were only Sponge, now!

What am I to do! It’s just a quarter past twelve; how am I to walk about till noon to-morrow! Suppose I walk three miles an hour, am I to walk thirty-five miles in these fearful London streets! Suppose it rains, can I stand under an archway for twelve hours!

I have heard of the dark arches of the Adelphi, and of houseless vagrants crouching there by night. But, then, I have read in “Household Words,” that police constables are nightly enjoined by their inspectors to rout out these vagrants, and drive them from their squalid refuge. Then there are the dry arches of Waterloo bridge, and the railway arches; but I abandon the idea of seeking refuge there, for I am naturally timorous, and I can’t help thinking of chloroform and life-preservers in connexion with them. Though I have little to be robbed of, Heaven knows.

I have heard, too, of tramps’ lodging-houses, and of the “twopenny rope.” I am not prepared to state that I would not avail myself of that species of accommodation, for I am getting terribly tired and foot-sore. But I don’t know where to seek for it, and I am ashamed to ask.

I would give something to lie down, too. I wonder whether that cabman would think it beneath his dignity to accept a pot of porter, and

allow me to repose in his vehicle till he got a fare? I know some of them never get one during the night, and I could snooze comfortably in hackney-carriage two thousand and twenty-two. But I cannot form a favorable opinion of the driver, who is discussing beer and blasphemy with the waterman; and neither he nor any of his brother Jehus, indeed, seem at all the persons to ask a favor of.

It is Opera night, as I learn from the accidentally heard remark of a passing policeman. To watch the departing equipages will, surely, help to pass the time, on bravely, and, with something almost like hope, I stroll to Covent Garden Theatre.

I am in the thick of it at once. Such a scrambling, pushing, jostling, and shouting! Such pawing of spirited horses, and oburgations of excited policemen! Now, Mrs. Fitz-somebody's carriage stops the way; and now, Mr. Smith, of the Stock Exchange, with two ladies on each arm, stands bewildered in a chaos of carriages, helplessly ejaculating "Cab." Now is there a playful episode in the shape of a policeman dodging a pick-pocket among horses' heads, and under wheels; and now a pitiable one, in the person of an elderly maiden lady, who has lost her party in the crush, and her shoe in the mud, and is hopping about the piazza like an agonized sparrow. It is all over soon, however. The carriages rattle, and the cabs lumber away. The great city people, lords of Lombard-street, and kaisers of Cornhill, depart in gorgeous chariots, emblazoned in front and at the back. The dukes and marquises, and people of that sort, glide away in tiny broughams, and infinitesimal clarences. The highest personage of the land drives off in a plain chariot, with two servants in plain black, more like a doctor (as I hear a gentleman from the country near me indignantly exclaim) than a queen. Mr. Smith has found his party, and the sparrow-like lady her shoe, by this time. Nearly everybody is gone. Stay, the gentleman who thinks it a "genteel" thing to go to the Opera, appears on the threshold carefully adjusting his white neckcloth with the huge bow, and donning a garment something between a smock-frock and a horsecloth, which is called, I believe, the "Opera envelope." He will walk home to Camberwell with his lorgnette case in his hand, and in white kid gloves, to let everybody know where he has been. The policemen and the prostitutes will be edified, no doubt. Following him comes the *habitué*, who is a lover of music, I am sure. He puts his gloves, neatly folded, into his breast-pocket, stows away his opera-glass, and buttons his coat. Then he goes quietly over to the Albion, where I watch him gravely disposing of a pint of porter at the bar. He is ten to one a gentleman; and I am sure he is a sensible man. And now all, horse and foot, are departed; the heavy portals are closed, and the Royal Italian Opera is left to the fireman, to darkness, and to me.

The bed question has enjoyed a temporary respite while these proceedings are taking place. Its discussion is postponed still further by the amusement and instruction I derive from watching the performances in the ham and beef shop at the corner of Bow Street. Here are crowds of customers, hot and hungry from the Lyceum or Drury Lane, and clamorous for sandwiches. Ham sandwiches, beef sandwiches, German sausage sandwiches—legions of sandwiches are cut and consumed. The cry is "mustard," and anon the coppers rattle, and payment is tendered and change given. Then come the people who carry home half a pound of

"cold round" or three-pennyworth of "brisket;" I scrutinize them, their purchases, and their money. I watch the scale with rapt attention, and wait with trembling eagerness the terrific combat between that last piece of fat and the half ounce weight. The half ounce has it; and the beef merchant gives the meat a satisfied slap with the back of his knife, and rattles the price triumphantly. I have been so intent on all this, that I have taken no heed of time as yet; so, when custom begins to flag, glancing at the clock, I am agreeably surprised to find it is ten minutes past one.

A weary waste of hours yet to traverse—the silence of the night season yet to endure. There are many abroad still; but the reputable wayfarers drop off gradually, and the disreputable ones increase with alarming rapidity. The great-coated policeman, the shivering Irish night prowlers, and some fleeting shadows that seem to be of women, have taken undisputed possession of Bow-street and Long-acre; and but for a sprinkling of young thieves, and a few tipsy brick-layers, would have it all their own way in Drury Lane.

I have wandered into this last-named unsavory thoroughfare, and stand disconsolately surveying its aspect. And it strikes me now, that it is eminently distinguished for its street corners. There is scarcely a soul to be seen in the street itself, but all the corners have posts, and nearly all the posts are garnished with leaning figures—now two stalwart policemen holding municipal converse—now two women, God help them!—now a knot of lads with pale faces, long greasy hair, and short pipes. Thieves, my friend—unmistakable thieves.

There are no professional beggars about—what on earth is there for them to be out for! The *beggies* are gone home to their suppers and their beds, and the beggars are gone home to their suppers and their beds. They have all got beds, bless you!

Some of the doorways have heaps of something huddled up within them; and ever and anon a policeman will come and stir them up with his truncheon, or more probably with his boot. Then you will see a chaotic movement of legs and arms, and hear a fretful crooning with an Irish accent. Should the guardian of the night insist in the enforcement of his "move on" decree—the legs and arms will stagger a few paces onward, and as soon as the policeman's back is turned, sink into another doorway—to be routed out perchance again in another quarter of an hour by another truncheon or another boot.

Half-past one by the clock of St. Mary-le-Strand, and I am in Charles Street, Drury Lane. It is a very nasty, dirty little street this—full worthy, I take it, to challenge competition with Church Lane or Buckeridge Street. Something, however, a feeling indefinable, but strong, prompts me to pursue its foul and devious course for some score of yards. Then I stop.

"Lodgings for single men at fourpence per night." This agreeable distich greets me, depicted on the panes of a window, behind which a light is burning. I step into the road to have a good look at the establishment that proffers the invitation. It is a villainous ramshackle house—a horrible cut-throat-looking den, to be sure:—but then the fourpence! Think of that, Master Brooke! There is a profusion of handbills plastered on the door-jambs, which I can read by the light of a gas lamp a few paces off. I decipher a flattering legend of separate beds, every convenience for cook-

ing, and hot-water always ready. I am informed that this is the real model lodging-house; and I read, moreover, some derisive couplets relative to the Great Spitalfields Lodging-House, which is styled a "Bastile." I begin fingering, involuntarily, the eight-pence in my pocket. Heaven knows what horrible company I may fall into; but then, fourpence! and my feet are so tired. *Jacta est alea*, I will have fourpenn'orth.

That portion of the reading public who were on duty with Inspector Field some weeks ago, know what the "deputy" of a tramps' lodging-house is like. As, however, I come to sleep, and not to inspect, I am not abused, but merely inspected and admitted. I am informed that, with the addition my company will make, the establishment is full. I pay my fourpence, without the performance of which ceremony I do not get beyond the filthy entrance passage. Then, the "deputy" bars the door, and, brandishing an iron candlestick as though it were a broad-sword, bids me follow him.

What makes me, when we have ascended the rotten staircase, when I have entered my bedchamber—when the "deputy" has even bid me a wolfish good night—what makes me rush down stairs, and, bursting through the passage, beg him to let me out for Heaven's sake? What makes me, when the "deputy" has unbarred the door, and bade me go out, and be something'd, and has *not* given me back my fourpence, stand sick and stupefied in the street, till I wake up to a disgusted consciousness, by being nearly knocked down by a group of staggering roysterers, howling out a drunken chorus!

It was not the hang-dog look of the "deputy," or the cut-throat appearance of the house. It was not even the aspect of the score or more ragged wretches who were to be my sleeping companions. It was, in plain English, the smell of the bugs. Ugh!—the place was alive with them. They crawled on the floor—they dropped from the ceiling—they ran mad races on the walls! Give me the key of the street, and let me wander forth again.

I have not got further than Broad Street, St. Giles', however, before I begin to think that I have been a little hasty. I feel so tired, so worn, so full of sleep now, that I can't help thinking I might have fallen off into heavy sleep yonder, and that the havoc committed by the bugs on my carcass might have been borne unfelt. It is too late now, however. The fourpence is departed, and I dare not face the deputy again.

Two in the morning, and still black, thick, impervious night, as I turn into Oxford Street, by Meux's Brewery. The flitting shadows that seemed to be of women, have grown fewer. A quarter past two, and I have gained the Regent Circus, and can take my choice, either for a stroll in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park, or a quiet lounge in the district of the Clubs. I choose the latter, and shamle down Regent Street towards Piccadilly.

I feel myself slowly, but surely, becoming more of a regular night prowler—a houseless, hopeless, vagrant, every moment. I feel my feet shuffle, my shoulders rise towards my ears; my head goes on one side; I hold my hands in a crouching position before me; I no longer walk, I prowl. Though it is July, I shiver. As I stand at the corner of Conduit Street, (all night prowlers affect corners,) a passing figure, in satin and black lace, flings me a penny. How does the phantom know that I have got the key of the street? I am not in rags,

and yet my plight must be evident. So I take the penny.

Where are the policemen, I wonder? I am walking in the centre of the road, yet, from end to end of the magnificent street, I cannot see a single soul. Stay, here is one. A little white-headed ruffian leaps from the shadow of Archbishop Tenison's Chapel. He has on a ragged pair of trousers, and nothing else to speak of. He vehemently demands to be allowed to turn head over heels three times for a penny. I give him the penny the phantom gave me, (cheap charity,) and intimate that I can dispense with the tumbling. But he is too honest for that, and, putting the penny in his mouth, disappears in a series of summersaults. Then, the gas-lamps and I have it all to ourselves.

Safe at the corner (corners again you see) of what was once the Quadrant, where a mongrel dog joins company. I know he is a dog without a bed, like I am, for he has not that grave trot, so full of purpose, which the dog on business has. This dog wanders irresolutely, and makes feigned turnings up by-streets—returning to the main thoroughfare in a slouching, skulking manner—he ruminates over cigar-stumps and cabbage-stalks, which no homeward-bound dog would do. But even that dog is happier than I am, for he can lie down on any doorstep, and take his rest, and no policeman shall say him nay; but the new police act won't let me do so, and says sternly that I must "move on."

Halloo! a rattle in the distance—nearer—nearer louder and louder! Now it bursts upon my sight. A fire-engine at full speed; and the street is crowded in a moment!

Where the people came from I don't pretend to say—but there they are—hundreds of them all, wakeful and noisy, and clamorous. On goes the engine, with people hallooing, and following, and mingling with the night wind the dreadful cry of fire.

I follow of course. An engine at top speed is as potent a spell to a night prowler, as a pack of hounds in full cry is to a Leicestershire yeoman. Its influence is contagious too, and the crowd swells at every yard of distance traversed. The fire is in a narrow street of Soho, at a pickle-shop. It is a fierce one, at which I think the crowd is pleased; but then nobody lives in the house, at which I imagine they are slightly chagrined; for excitement, you see, at a fire is everything. *En revanche* there are no less than three families of small children next door, and the crowd are hugely delighted when they are expeditiously brought out in their night-dresses, by the fire-brigade.

More excitement! The house on the other side has caught fire. The mob are in ecstasies, and the pickpockets make a simultaneous onslaught on all the likely pockets near them. I am not pleased, but interested—highly interested. I would pump, but I am not strong in the arms. Those who pump, I observe, get beer.

I have been watching the blazing pile so long—basking, as it were, in the noise and shouting and confusion; the hoarse clank of the engines—the cheering of the crowd—the dull roar of the fire, that the bed question has been quite in abeyance, and I have forgotten all about it and the time. But when the fire is quenched, or at least brought under, as it is at last; when the sheets of flame and sparks are succeeded by columns of smoke and steam; when, as a natural consequence, the ex-

citement begins to flag a little, and the pressure of the crowd diminishes; then, turning away from the charred and gutted pickle-shop, I hear the clock of St. Anne's, Soho, strike four, and find that it is broad daylight.

Four dreary hours yet to wander before a London day commences; four weary, dismal revolutions on the clock-face, before the milkman makes his rounds, and I can obtain access to my penates, with the matutinal supply of milk!

To add to my discomfort, to the utter heart-weariness and listless misery which is slowly creeping over me, it begins to rain. Not a sharp, pelting shower, but a slow, monotonous, ill-conditioned drizzle; damping without wetting—now deluding you into the idea that it is going to hold up, and now, with a sudden spurt in your face, mockingly informing you that it has no intention of the kind. Very wretchedly, indeed, I thread the narrow little streets about Soho, meeting no one but a tom-cat returning from his club, and a misanthropic looking policeman, who is feeling shutter-bolts and tugging at door-handles with a vicious aspect, as though he were disappointed that some unwary householder had not left a slight temptation for a sharp house-breaker.

I meet another policeman in Golden square, who looks dull; missing, probably, the society of the functionary who guards the fire-escape situated in that fashionable locality, and who hasn't come back from the burnt pickle-shop yet. He honors me with a long stare as I pass him.

"Good morning," he says.

I return the compliment.

"Going home to bed?" he asks.

"Y-e-es," I answer.

He turns on his heel and says no more; but, bless you! I can see irony in his bull's-eye—contemptuous incredulity in his oil-skin cape! It needs not the long low whistle in which he indulges, to tell me that *he* knows very well I have no bed to go home to.

I sneak quietly down Sherrard Street into the Quadrant. I don't know why, but I begin to be afraid of policemen. I never transgressed the law—yet I avoid the "force." The sound of their heavy boot-heels disquiets me. One of them stands at the door of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, and to avoid him I actually abandon a resolution I had formed of walking up Regent Street, and turn down the Haymarket instead.

There are three choice spirits who evidently have got beds to go to, though they are somewhat tardy in seeking them. I can tell that they have latch-keys, by their determined air—their bold and confident speech. They have just turned, or have been turned out from an oyster-room. They are all three very drunk, have on each other's hats, and one of them has a quantity of dressed lobster in his cravat.

These promising gentlemen are "out on the spree." The doors of the flash public-houses and oyster-rooms are letting out similar detachments of choice spirits all down the Haymarket; some of a most patrician sort, with most fierce mustachios and whiskers; whom I think I have seen before, and whom I may very probably see again, in jack-boots and golden epaulettes, prancing on huge black horses by the side of her majesty's carriage going to open Parliament. They call this "life." They will probably sleep in the station-house this morning, and will be fined various sums for riotous conduct. They will get drunk, I dare say, three hun-

dred times in the course of a year, for about three years. In the last-mentioned space of time they will bonnet many dozen policemen, break some hundreds of gas-lamps, have some hundreds of "larks," and scores of "rows." They will go to Epsom by the rail, and create disturbances on the course, and among the sticks. They will frequent the Adelphi at half-price, and haunt night-houses afterwards. They will spend their salaries in debauchery, and obtain fresh supplies of money from bill-discounters, and be swindled out of it by the proprietors of betting lists. Some day, when their health and their money are gone—when they are sued on all their bills, and by all the tradesmen they have plundered—they will be discharged from their situations, or be discarded by their friends. Then they will subside into Whitecross Street and the Insolvent Debtors' Court—and then God knows they will die miserably, I suppose; of delirium tremens, may be.

I have taken a fancy to have a stroll—"save the mark!"—in St. James' Park, and am about to descend the huge flight of stone steps leading to the mall, when I encounter a martial band, consisting of a grenadier in a great-coat, and holding a lighted lantern, (it is light as noon-day,) an officer in a cloak, and four or five more grenadiers in great-coats, looking remarkably ridiculous in those hideous gray garments. As to the officer, he appears to regard everything with an air of unmitigated disgust, and to look at the duty upon which he is engaged as a special bore. I regard it rather in the light of a farce. Yet, if I mistake not, these are "Grand Rounds," or something of the sort. When the officer gets within a few yards of the sentinel, at the Duke of York's Column, he shouts out some unintelligible question, to which the bearer of "Brown Bess" gives a responsive, but as unintelligible howl. Then the foremost grenadier plays in an imbecile manner with his lantern, like King Lear with his straw, and the officer flourishes his sword; and "Grand Rounds" are over, as far as the Duke of York is concerned, I suppose; for the whole party trot gravely down Pall Mall, towards the Duchess of Kent's.

I leave them to their devices, and saunter moodily into the mall. It is but a quarter to five, now; and I am so jaded and tired that I can scarcely drag one foot after another. The rain has ceased; but the morning air is raw and cold; and the rawness clings, as it were, to the marrow of my bones. My hair is wet, and falls in dragged hanks on my cheeks. My feet seem to have grown preposterously large, and my boots as preposterously small. I wish I was a dog or a dormouse! I long for a haystack, or a heap of sacks, or anything. I even think I could find repose on one of those terrible inclined planes which you see tilted towards you through the window of the Morgue at Paris. I have a good mind to smash a lamp and be taken to the station-house. I have a good mind to throw myself over Westminster Bridge. I suppose I am afraid; for I don't do either.

Seeing a bench under a tree, I fling myself thereon; and, hard and full of knots and bumps as it is, roll myself into a species of ball, and strive to go to sleep. But oh, vain delusion! I am horribly, excruciatingly wakeful. To make the matter worse, I get up, and take a turn or two—then I feel as though I could sleep standing; but availing myself of what I consider a favorably drowsy moment, I cast myself on the bench again, and find myself as wakeful as before!

There is a young vagrant—a tramp of some eighteen summers—sitting beside me—fast asleep, and snoring with provoking pertinacity. He is half naked, and has neither shoes nor stockings. Yet he sleeps, and very soundly too, to all appearance. As the loud-sounding Horse-Guards' clock strikes five, he wakes, eyes me for a moment, and muttering "hard lines, mate," turns to sleep again. In the mysterious free-masonry of misery he calls me "mate." I suppose, eventually, that I catch from him some portion of his vagrant acquirement of somnolence under difficulties, for, after writhing and turning on the comfortable wooden seat till every bone and muscle are sore, I fall into a deep, deep sleep—so deep it seems like death.

So deep that I don't hear the quarters striking of that nuisance to Park-sleepers, the Horse-Guards' clock—and rise only, suddenly, *en sursaut*, as six o'clock strikes. My vagrant friend has departed, and being apprehensive myself of cross-examination from an approaching policeman, (not knowing, in fact, what hideous crime sleeping in St. James' Park might be,) I also withdraw, feeling very fagged and footsore—yet slightly refreshed by the hour's nap I have had. I pass the stands where the cows are milked, and curds and whey dispensed, on summer evenings; and enter Charing Cross by the long Spring Garden passage.

I have been apprized several times during the night that this was a market-morning in Covent Garden. I have seen wagons, surmounted by enormous mountains of vegetable baskets, wending their way through the silent streets. I have been met by the early costermongers in their donkey-carts, and chaffed by the costerboys on my forlorn appearance. But I have reserved Covent Garden as a *bonne bouche*—a wind-up to my pilgrimage; for I have read and heard how fertile is the market in question in subjects of amusement and contemplation.

I confess that I am disappointed. Covent Garden seems to me to be but one great accumulation of cabbages. I am pelted with these vegetables as they are thrown from the lofty summits of piled wagons to costermongers standing at the base. I stumble among them as I walk; in short, above, below, on either side, cabbages preponderate.

I dare say, had I patience, that I should see a great deal more; but I am dazed with cabbages, and jostled to and fro, and "danged" dreadfully by rude market-gardeners—so I eschew the market, and creep round the piazza.

I meet my vagrant friend of the Park here, who is having a cheap and nutritious breakfast at a coffee stall. The stall itself is a nondescript species of edifice—something between a gypsy's tent and a watchman's box; while, to carry out the comparison, as it were, the lady who serves out the coffee very much resembles a gypsy in person, and is clad in a decided watchman's coat. The aromatic beverage (if I may be allowed to give that name to the compound of burnt beans, roasted horse-liver, and refuse chicory, of which the "coffee" is composed) is poured, boiling hot, from a very cabalistic-looking caldron into a whole regiment of cups and saucers standing near: while, for more solid refection, the cups are flanked by plates bearing massive piles of thick bread and butter, and an equivocal substance called "cake." Besides my friend the vagrant, two coster-lads are partaking of the hospitalities of the *café*, and a huge gardener straddling over a pile of potato sacks, hard by, has provided himself with bread

and butter and coffee, from the same establishment, and is consuming them with such avidity that the tears start from his eyes at every gulp.

I have, meanwhile, remembered the existence of a certain fourpenny-piece in my pocket, and have been twice or thrice tempted to expend it. Yet, on reflection, I deem it better to purchase with it a regular breakfast, and to repair to a legitimate coffee-shop. The day is by this time getting rapidly on, and something of the roar of London begins to be heard in earnest. The dull murmur of wheels has never ceased, indeed, the whole night through; but now, laden cabs come tearing past on their way to the railway station. The night policemen gradually disappear, and sleepy potboys gradually appear, yawning at the doors of public houses—sleepy waitresses at the doors of coffee-houses and reading rooms. There have been both public-houses and coffee-shops open, however, the whole night. The "Mohawks' Arms" in the market never closes. Young Lord Stultus, with Captain Asinus of the Heavies, endeavored to turn on all the taps there at four o'clock this morning, but at the earnest desire of Frume, the landlord, desisted; and subsequently subsided into a chivalrous offer of standing glasses of "Old Tom" all round, which was as chivalrously accepted. As the "all round" comprised some thirty ladies and gentlemen, Frume made a very good thing of it: and, like a prudent tradesman as he is, he still further acted on the golden opportunity, by giving all those members of the company (about three fourths) who were drunk, glasses of water instead of gin; which operation contributed to discourage intemperance, and improve his own exchequer in a very signal and efficacious manner. As with the "Mohawks' Arms," so with the "Turnip's Head," the great market-gardeners' house, and the "Pipe and Horse Collar," frequented by the night cabmen—to say nothing of that remarkably snug little house near Drury lane. "The Blue Bludgeon," which is well known to be the rendezvous of the famous Tom Thug and his gang, whose recent achievements in the strangling line by means of a silk handkerchief and a life-preserver, used *tourniquet* fashion, have been so generally admired of late. I peep into some of these noted hostelryes as I saunter about. They begin to get rather quiet and demure as the day advances, and will be till midnight, indeed, very dull and drowsy pothouses, as times go. They don't light up to life, and jollity, and robbery, and violence, before the small hours.

So with the coffee-shops. The one I enter, to invest my fourpence in a breakfast of coffee and bread-and-butter, has been open all night likewise; but the sole occupants now are a dirty waiter, in a pitiable state of drowsiness, and half-a-dozen homeless wretches who have earned the privilege of sitting down at the filthy tables by the purchase of a cup of coffee, and with their heads on their hands, are snatching furtive naps, cut short—too short, alas!—by the pokes and "Wake up, there!" of the drowsy waiter. It is apparently his "*consigne*" to allow no sleeping.

I sit down here, and endeavor to keep myself awake over the columns of the "Sun" newspaper of last Tuesday week—unsuccessfully however. I am so jaded and weary, so dog-tired and utterly worn out, that I fall off again to sleep; and whether it is that the drowsy waiter has gone to sleep too, or that the expenditure of fourpence secures exemption for me, I am allowed to slumber.

I dream this time. A dreadful vision it is, of

bugs, and cabbages, and tramping soldiers, and anon of the fire at the pickle-shop. As I wake and find, to my great joy, that it is ten minutes past eight o'clock, a ragged little newsboy brings in a damp copy of the "Times," and I see half a column in that journal headed "Dreadful Conflagration in Soho."

Were I not so tired, I should moralize over this no doubt; but there are now but two things in my mind—two things in the world for me—HOME and

BED. Eight o'clock restores these both to me—so cruelly deprived of them for so long a time. So, just as London—work-away, steady-going London—begins to bestir itself, I hurry across the Strand, cross the shadow of the first omnibus going towards the Bank; and, as I sink between the sheets of MY BED, resign the key of the street into the hands of its proper custodian, whoever he may be—and, whoever he may be, I don't envy him.

From the Examiner.

Poems. By CHARLES H. HITCHINGS, (of the Middle Temple.)

TASTE and education made the writer of this book a poet, perhaps also nature. His volume contains pieces evidently written from time to time during a period of years commencing probably before the author had arrived at manhood. Among these fragments it is easy to observe the traces of a mind in the course of development; and it is not difficult also to detect that study, chiefly of our elder writers, but also of some moderns, which is acting on a style possibly not yet quite settled. A volume so constructed and taken as a single work, always gives to the writer a somewhat complex character, and lays him open to misunderstanding. Let us not ourselves be misunderstood. We like the book. It is elegantly written, every line proving that Mr. Hitchings has the finger of a poet, while the maturer pieces lead us to believe that he has also a poet's heart. We add a sample of his quality:—

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

It is ended!—all is over!
Lo! the weeping mourners come—
Mother, father, friend, and lover—
To the death-encumbered room.
Lips are pressed to the blessed
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold forever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home, the heart!

Hope not answer to your praying!
Cold, responseless, lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
She is with him elsewhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her
Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
Tender as the look he wore,
While he proved her how he loved her
More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father! weep not o'er her!
To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her
To the kingdom of the blest,
Where, no weeping eyelids keeping,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! He was a friend that found her
Amid blessings poor and scant,
With a wicked world around her,
And within a heavenly want;
And supplied her, *home* to guide her,
Wings for which the weary part.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!
When she left thee, loved thee best!
Love, she knew, alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest;
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
I will tell you what he said,
When he came and found her sleeping;
On her heart his hand he laid—
"Sleep is, maiden, sorrow-laden;
Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river—
Seems so bitter, is so sweet!
On whose other shore forever
Happy, holy spirits greet;
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet!

"Is it better, father, mother,
Lover, friend to leave behind
All their blessed loves and other?
Come with me, and thou shalt find,
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind.

"Love that is to mortals given
Struggles with imperfect will;
Love alone that homes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfil;
Where possessing every blessing,
Still it grows and greatens still!

"See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
To the blessed angel home;
Dear ones dead, forever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam;
Love increased, wait thou blessed
Till the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!"—Lo! she faltered
While he took her by the hand;
And her blessed face grew altered
As she heard the sweet command.
Father! lover! all was over!
So she passed to Spirit Land!

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

An Inquiry into the Cause which renders the Water of the Dead Sea unfitted for the support of Animal Life. By ROBERT JAMES GRAVES, M. D., F. R. S. Communicated by the author.

THE earth contains living beings so generally on its land, and in its waters, that we feel surprise at finding portions of either destitute of both animals and vegetables. When this exception occurs on a large scale, it naturally attracts more attention, and may even, as in the instance of the Dead Sea, obtain universal notoriety. Under these circumstances, the nature of the physical causes which have produced an effect so singular and unexpected becomes a subject of very interesting inquiry; in conducting which we will be evidently much assisted if we can discover, in some other country, a large body of water which displays not only a similar absence of life, but likewise a combination of physical qualities closely resembling, if not absolutely identical with those of the Dead Sea.

This, the subject of our investigation, is a very deep and extensive lake, into which the Jordan—a considerable river—and several smaller streams, all abounding in the fishes and fluvial vegetables of Palestine, discharge their waters, and yet, as the name implies, it has been generally believed to harbor no living thing within its fatal boundaries. The surface of this lake is said to be many hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean.* It is about sixty miles in length, but varies considerably in breadth, and has of course no rivers flowing from it. Until the publication of the researches of Lieutenant Lynch, who was sent, by the government of the United States, to conduct an expedition fitted out in America for the purpose of thoroughly examining the waters and shores of the Dead Sea, we absolutely knew nothing certain or definite respecting either. To our enterprising transatlantic brethren we are indebted for the first chart of a lake which lies as it were in the very cradle of civilization, and which, nevertheless, had (as far as we are aware) never before been surveyed or even navigated. My countryman, *Costigan*, it is true, succeeded in launching on it his frail skiff, but he very speedily fell a victim to excessive anxiety, fatigue, and the baneful effects of climate; and the observations subsequently made by *Molyneux*, *Robinson*, *Kinglake*, and *Warburton*, however interesting to the general reader, contained nothing sufficiently accurate to form the groundwork of scientific conclusions.

The progress of geographical discovery has lately brought to light the existence of an inland sea still more extensive, and displaying within its boundaries an absence of life equally remarkable, viz., the Great Salt Lake of North America, first navigated in 1847 by *Fremont*, commander of the exploring expedition fitted out by the government of the United States. This lake has many and striking points of resemblance with the Dead Sea, some of which it may be well to enumerate.

1st. It is equally salt, and, of course, has as high a specific gravity.

2dly. Its banks and the neighboring country abound equally in great deposits of salt, and the various rocks usually associated with these natural magazines of salt.

* According to several measurements the surface of the Dead Sea is rather more than 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Its depth is above 1000 feet, and breadth nine miles.—Edit. Phil. Journ.

3dly. In the neighborhood of both hot springs occur, several of which are sulphurous, and evidently owe their existence to volcanic action, as is proved by the coëxistence of tufa, lava, basalt, and other formations confessedly of igneous origin.

4thly. In both cases the surrounding country at considerable distances exhibits a repetition on a small scale of similar phenomena. Thus, in Palestine we have, according to the observation of *Lynch*, hot sulphurous springs and very productive bitumen pits, at the higher source of the Jordan, many miles distant from the Sea of Galilee. Accordingly, we must acknowledge the operation of an agency in the production of salt and sulphurous waters, together with bitumen, in many remote parts of Palestine—an agency similar in all respects to that which has produced like effects at the Dead Sea and its immediate vicinity. The same observation applies to the Great Salt Lake of America, for all its concomitant and remarkable peculiarities reappear in localities far removed from the lake itself.

5thly. A very singular coincidence is, that each of these great reservoirs of salt water receives a river derived from a neighboring fresh water lake. Thus the Jordan discharges the superabundant waters of the Sea of Galilee into the Dead Sea, while in like manner the Great Salt Lake receives a considerable supply of fresh water from the Utah Lake.

* 6thly. Though the Dead Sea receives copious supplies of fresh water from the Jordan and various other considerable streams and rivulets, yet the freshening effect is only felt at the mouths of those rivers and their immediate neighborhood, so far as the shallow water (due to the accumulation of detritus carried down by their currents) extends. While shallow, the water, at first fresh, becomes brackish, and all traces of freshness have disappeared when the deep parts of the lake are reached. The same remark applies to the Great Salt Lake, which is upwards of seventy miles long and of great depth. The Bear River and the Weber empty themselves into it, and though both are large rivers, they scarcely produce any freshening effect except at the point of disembogement. It is of great importance to our inquiry to remark that in the case of the Dead Sea, and of the Great Salt Lake, all the affluents contain the usual proportions of fishes and other animals, as well as vegetables peculiar to their respective countries. Nay, more, in each case where the affluent has formed an extensive delta, there, in proportion to the average degree of freshness of the water, we find various plants growing in abundance; neither are the banks or borders of these lakes invariably destitute of trees, shrubs, or grass. On the contrary, wherever the nature of the surrounding rocks affords materials for a fertile soil, and rivers or springs supply the necessary moisture, there vegetation, occasionally luxuriant, is to be found. Thus it is necessary for us to bear in mind that life is not banished from every part of either the Dead Sea or Great Salt Lake, or their respective shores, but encroaches upon both when favorable physical circumstances exist to encourage the growth and maintenance of either animals or plants. It is true that the rugged rocks, which in most parts surround the Dead Sea, are, from their nature and the absence of supplies of fresh water, more destitute of vegetation than those around the Great Salt Lake. This admits a ready explanation by the much greater humidity of the air, and frequency

of rain in the western parts of America than in Palestine.

It must not be forgotten, likewise, that certain rocks disintegrate very slowly under exposure to atmospheric influences, and others seem altogether incapable of supporting vegetation. Thus I have examined several extinct volcanic craters in Auvergne, and, after the most minute search, could not discover the existence of even a lichen on their surface; and I was the more surprised at this fact, because other parts of that district exhibited the richest soil spreading over fields of lava, and extending far up mountains composed of that material.

Having made these preliminary observations, we must next examine more accurately the nature and proportions of the saline contents to which we have attributed the absence of fishes, and the usual inhabitants of deep water, from the inland seas in question.

Mr. Monk, author of the *Golden Horn*, or *Sketches in Asia Minor*, gives a very interesting description of his tour round certain portions of the Dead Sea; and we are indebted to his exertions for an analysis of its water, a specimen of which he brought to Mr. Herapath, who found in it rather more than 24 per cent. of saline matter, consisting of chlorides of potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, and manganese, with bromide of magnesium.* This high saline impregnation alone is quite sufficient to account for the absence of both vegetable and animal life, even on the supposition that none of the salts are actually poisonous to either, except when present in very large proportions; a supposition which, however, is not warranted, as one of them, the bromide of magnesium, is detrimental to animal life.

We owe to Fremont the only analysis of the water of the Great Salt Lake I have been able to obtain, and which, although rough, is quite sufficient for our purposes. He obtained from forty pints of the water fourteen pints of solid saline residuum, *i. e.*, more than a third by weight of salts! Fremont says, that subsequent and more accurate analysis detected in this residuum, chlorides of sodium, calcium, and magnesium, together with sulphates of soda and lime. Now, as the Great Salt Lake contains no fishes or other animals, and, in this respect, agrees with the Dead Sea, may we not, or rather must we not, attribute so striking a coincidence to the saline properties of their waters?

It is plain that fishes of the ordinary specific gravity could not swim at any depth in such a medium, for its greater buoyancy would tend powerfully to bring them to the surface. This quality of the water would of itself render it unfavorable to such animals, but it is probable that the chief obstacle to their living in it is to be found in the immense proportion of salts present, by which it is rendered unfit for the purposes of respiration and nutrition.

It is true that some crustaceous and other animals of a still lower grade have been found in the strong brines of salt mines; and it is by no means proved that such do not exist even in the highly saline waters of these lakes, for no investigations have been made sufficiently numerous or accurate to determine this curious question. Indeed, Fre-

mont (p. 153) discovered numerous *larva of insects*, or *skins of worms*, as he calls them, on the shore of an island in the Great Salt Lake, but he had no means of determining either the species or the *habitat*—but those he observed were dead and evidently thrown up by the waves—the individuals were not larger than a grain of oats. Future observers should seek for them, or something similar, on the shores of the Dead Sea.* A very interesting subject of inquiry here suggests itself. We have observed that the rivers which flow into the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake are peculiarly rich in fishes. Are these fishes of species peculiar to these rivers, or do they occur in other parts of Palestine and North America? The researches of my friend Agassiz, published in a previous number of this Journal, induce me to favor the former supposition.

With respect to plants, salt, in any considerable quantity, proves destructive to the ordinary species. This is proved by the experiments of Dr. Voelcker, detailed in the report of the twentieth meeting of the British Association, p. 115. He found that most plants were injured seriously when watered for a month with water containing 100 grains of common salt to a pint of water, *i. e.*, about $\frac{1}{2}$ part of salts. Compare this result with the waters of the Great Salt Lake or Dead Sea, and we at once perceive that it is impossible for any plant to live in so intensely saline a medium. Dr. Voelcker found that the grasses are affected more injuriously by salt than any other family of plants, a fact which explains the total absence of every approach to pasture suitable for cattle over extensive districts called the *Salt Deserts*, south of the Great Salt Lake, and which, according to the description of travellers, present the most appalling spectacles of great tracts of country totally destitute of life that the world affords. They truly deserve the name of the *Dead Deserts*.

Mr. Bryant † draws the following picture of this region, to which I am particularly anxious to direct the reader's attention, as it represents scenes quite as desolate as those which, in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea, have been portrayed by the pencils of Mr. Warburton and the author of *Eothen*.

Descending into the plain or valley before us, we took a northwest course across it, striking Captain Fremont's trail of last year, after we had commenced the ascent of the slope on the western side. The breadth of this valley at this point, from the base of one range of mountains to the other, is about twenty miles. Large portions of it are covered with a saline efflorescence of a snowy whiteness. The only vegeta-

* Since writing the above, I find that my anticipations have been confirmed, for Baron A. Von Humboldt (*Views of Nature*, Edit. Bohn. Lond. 1850, p. 260) states, "In opposition to the generally adopted opinion respecting the absence of all organisms and living creatures in the *Dead Sea*, it is worthy of notice, that my friend and fellow-laborer, M. Valenciennes, has received beautiful specimens of *Porites elongata* (Lamarck), from the Dead Sea, which is supersaturated with salt."

Humboldt does not mention whether these specimens were found in parts where the water is really supersaturated, or only in the estuaries of rivers, where it is brackish; from the occurrence of this species in the Red Sea, it appears to me very improbable that it could also exist in water so much more impregnated with salt than that of the ocean, as the undiluted water of the Dead Sea is.

† What I saw in California, being the journal of a tour in 1845 and '47, by Edwin Bryant, Esq.

* Vide Herapath and Thornton, in No. viii. of Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society of London, for January, 1850; also Edin. New Phil. Journal, vol. xlviii., p. 313.

tion is the wild sage; and this is parched and shrivelled by the extreme drought. Not a solitary flower or green plant has exhibited itself. In our march, we crossed and passed several deep ravines and chasms, ploughed by the waters from the mountains during the melting of the snows, or hollowed out by the action of the winds. *Not a living object has been seen during our day's march.*

We encamped about two o'clock, P. M. There were a few dwarf cedars in our vicinity, and scattered branches of dead grass. In a ravine near us the sand is moist, and, by making an excavation, we obtained a scant supply of water, *impregnated with salt and sulphur. A dense smoky vapor fills the valley, and conceals the summits of the distant mountains. The sun, shining through this, dispenses a lurid light, coloring the bare and barren desert with a more dismal and gloomy hue.**

We passed over this ridge through a narrow gap, the walls of which are perpendicular and composed of the same dark scoriaceous materials as the debris strewn around. From the western terminus of this ominous-looking passage, we had a view of the dark desert plain before us, which, as far as the eye could penetrate, was of a snowy whiteness, and resembled a scene of wintry frosts and icy desolation. *Not a shrub or object of any kind rose above the surface for the eye to rest upon. The hiatus in the animal and vegetable kingdoms was perfect. It was a scene which excited mingled emotions of apprehension and admiration.†*

About eleven o'clock we struck a vast white plain, uniformly level, and utterly destitute of vegetation, or any sign that shrub or plant had ever existed above its snow-like surface. Pausing a few moments to rest our mules, and moisten our mouths and throats, from the scant supply of beverage in our powder-keg, we entered upon this appalling field of sullen and hoary desolation. *It was a scene so entirely new to us, so frightfully forbidding and unearthly in its aspects, that all of us, I believe, though impressed with its sublimity, felt a slight shudder of apprehension.*

Ascending to the summit of the mountain, just as the sun was setting, I had a more extended view of the Great Salt Plain than at any time previously. Far to the south-east, apparently from 100 to 150 miles, a solitary mountain of immense height rises from the white surface of the desert, and lifts its hoary summit, so as almost to pierce the blue ceiling of the skies, reflecting back from its frozen pinnacle, and making frigid to the eye the warm and mellow rays of the evening sun. *No words can describe the awfulness and grandeur of the sublime desolation. The only living object I saw to-day, and the only sign of animal existence, separate from our party, was a small lizard.‡*

The preceding extracts from Mr. Bryant's interesting work afford a proof that similar physical circumstances everywhere produce similar effects; for, in America as well as Palestine, the superabundance of saline ingredients is equally destructive to life.

Mr. Warburton, the American traveller, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Kinglake, the author of *Eden*, have all dwelt so much on the horrors of the Dead Sea, that I think it right to trespass still further on the reader's attention, by submitting to his consideration the following passages, also extracted from Bryant's work, which, if I mistake not, will prove that the Great Salt Lake of America exhibits, in every respect, features not less repulsive than those so vividly described by authors as *unique and peculiar to the Dead Sea.*

Resuming our march, we took a south course over the low hills bordering the valley in which we have been encamped; thence along the base of a range of elevated mountains which slope down to the marshy plain of the lake. This plain varies in width, from fifteen to two miles, becoming narrower as we approach what is called the "Utah outlet," the channel through which the Utah Lake empties its waters into the Salt Lake.

The Great Salt Lake has never been accurately surveyed. It is situated between 40° and 42° of north latitude, and between 85° and 36° of longitude west from Washington. Its length is variously stated by the hunters and trappers who have travelled along its shores, at from 150 to 180 miles; but, in this estimate, the numerous large bays and other irregularities are included. Its extreme length in a straight line is probably 100 miles, and its extreme breadth between forty and sixty miles. *At this season the shore, as we pass along it, is white, with a crust of the muriate and carbonate of soda combined. The muriate of soda predominates, but the alkali comprised with it is sufficient to render the salt bitter and unfit for use in its natural state. When the wind blows from the lake, the stench arising from the stagnant water next to the shore is highly offensive to the smell. The surface of the lake does not present that rippling and sparkling appearance when the sudden breeze passes over it, so frequently seen on fresh-water lakes, and on the ocean. The waters undoubtedly are thoroughly saturated with saline matter, and hence, from this weight, when they move at all, it is with a lazy and sluggish undulatory motion.*

The sunset scene this evening was splendid. The surface of the lake appeared like a sheet of fire, varying in tint from a crimson to a pale scarlet. This flame-like ocean was bordered, as far as we could see to the north and south of us, with a field of salt, presenting all the appearance of freshly fallen snow.

Proceeding about two miles, and turning the point of the mountain, we came to seven warm springs, so strongly impregnated with sulphur, as to have left a deposit of this mineral in some places several feet in depth. These springs gush out near the foot of a high precipice composed of conglomerate rock and a bluish sandstone. The precipice seems to have been uplifted by some subterranean convulsion. The temperature of the water in the basins was about 90°. The water of most of them was bitter and nauseous.*

The attentive reader cannot fail to discover in this account of the Great Salt Lake many points in which it entirely agrees with the Dead Sea; indeed, several passages of Mr. Bryant's description might be substituted for those of Mr. Warburton or Mr. Kinglake, without in the least altering the meaning of these authors, when detailing what they conceived to be the most striking peculiarities of the Dead Sea.

The Rev. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Warburton dwell emphatically on the non-volcanic nature of any portion of the shores of the Dead Sea; and the former quotes Von Buch, the celebrated geologist, in support of this opinion, which must, however, have been founded on insufficient data, for Lynch's narrative contains numerous proofs directly contradicting it. Thus, at p. 280, he says:—

The distance, in a direct line, to the Arabian shore measured seven nautical miles. Mr. Aulick found on the latter a volcanic formation, and brought specimens of lava.

Again, at p. 371, Lynch says:—

Stopped to examine some huge black boulders upon

* Bryant, p. 145. † Ib., p. 149. ‡ Ib., p. 151.

* Ib., p. 135.

the shore, which proved to be *trap* interspersed with *tufa*. The whole mountain, from base to summit, appeared to be one black mass of *scoria* and lava, the superposition of the layers giving them a singular appearance. In the rocky hollows of the shore were incrustations of salt, of which, as well as the lava, we obtained specimens.

And at page 275:—

But the scene was one of unmixed desolation. The air, tainted with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so light a green. Except the cane-brakes clustering along the marshy stream, which disfigured while it sustained them, there was no vegetation whatever; barren mountains, fragments of rocks blackened by sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea, with low, dead trees upon its margin, all within the scope of vision, bore a sad and sombre aspect.

The preceding quotations seem to prove that Von Buch was in error in stating* that "this sea has no appearance of volcanic origin. It merely occupies part of the great valley or *crevasse* that runs from the Lebanon almost to the Gulf of Akabah."

Mr. Warburton, misled by the authority of Von Buch, observes upon this point:—"The absence of volcanic agency renders still more remarkable the appearance of some fierce, fiery ordeal through which it must have passed," &c. &c.

Having, in common with the numerous readers of the *Crescent and the Cross*, derived much pleasure and instruction from Mr. Warburton's learning and accurate observation, I cannot but regret that he has, with reference to the Dead Sea, deviated from his usual practice, and allowed his imagination to get the better of his judgment. Thus, having succeeded in swimming a very short distance from the shore, and that only on one occasion, he takes occasion to draw the following description of this extensive lake:—"This sea is a vast caldron of salt brine, through which masses of bitumen rise bubbling to the simmering surface."

No one from this passage could possibly have anticipated that the water of this sea is beautifully clear and cool, and, as appears from Lynch's narrative, after having navigated it in its length and breadth, quite free from all unpleasant odor or unwholesome miasma. Indeed, it appears that the navigators of the Dead Sea experienced no inconvenience from any exhalation while at a distance from the shore, or even sailing near the shore, when the latter was bold and the water deep. The great body of the sea consists of extremely salt, but otherwise very pure water; and as the salts it contains are not volatile but fixed, the superincumbent air is in no way polluted. The water, too, resembling in color that of the ocean, presents nothing of a forbidding or disgusting nature. The water of the *Great Salt Lake*, as described by Fremont, is precisely similar; and it is when we approach the shores of either of these seas that the purity of their waters or air is lessened, and that only in the comparatively few localities where the shores are low, marshy, and moistened with streamlets flowing from sulphureous springs. In all these respects there is a remarkable coincidence between these two inland lakes of salt water, that of America appearing to be in every particular a

repetition of the Dead Sea, but on a much larger scale.

It is necessary to remark, that there is not the least doubt as to the source from which either of these seas derives its saline impregnation. The mountain of rock salt at *Udum* contains an inexhaustible supply for the Dead Sea, and the Great Salt Lake of America is likewise indebted for its saline ingredients to cliffs of rock salt.

The belief that nothing living can exist within the boundaries of the Dead Sea, is so generally spread, and has been countenanced by so many authors of reputation, that it becomes necessary to show that recently ascertained facts are quite opposed to the truth of this opinion.

Recent writers and travellers have not failed to fall in with and confirm the popular prejudice on this subject—thus, Mr. Warburton calls the Dead Sea a *corpse*, and says with much emphasis, "There was no shell, or fly, or any sign of life along the curving strand, which rose steeply to the water's edge, and consisted of very small and angular pebbles." Dr. Robinson, and the author of *Eothen*, both indulge in reflections respecting the absence of life, not only from the waters of the Dead Sea, but from the air above, and the shores surrounding it. We find also Lieut. Lynch bearing similar testimony: thus, at page 311, he states, "No bird fanned with its wing the attenuated air, through which the sun poured its scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which alone of all the works of its Maker, contains no living thing within it."

This passage, I must confess, strikes me as being more poetical than philosophical, for, in the first place, no fact recorded by either Mr. Lynch or others justifies the epithet *attenuated* being applied to the air; and, in the second place, Mr. Lynch seems to forget that he himself several times met with birds both resting on the waters of the Dead Sea, and flying over it. Thus, in one part of his Journal, we find the following entry, page 287:—"One of the party shot at a duck, a short distance from the shore—dark-gray body, and black head and wings. This was fully twelve miles from the Jordan. The bird, when fired at, flew but a short distance out to sea, where it alighted, and again directed its course towards the shore. We therefore inferred that its haunt was among the sedges of the little fountain."

I have no doubt that the reader will partake somewhat of the astonishment which I felt on discovering that the facts recorded by Mr. Lynch (for the observation of which he deserves so much credit) are quite at variance with his general conclusion, as to absence of birds from the Dead Sea and its shores. Thus, at pages 274 and 279, the following occurrences are detailed:—

Started two partridges, of a beautiful stone color, so much like the rocks that they could only be distinguished when in motion. Heard the notes of a solitary bird in the cane-brake which we could not identify. The statement that nothing can live upon the shores of the sea is therefore disproved. The home and the usual haunt of the partridge may be among the cliffs above, but the smaller bird we heard must have its nest in the thicket. A short distance from the camp saw a large brown or stone-colored hare, and started a partridge. Heard another in the cliffs above, and a small bird twittering in the cane-brake beneath me. We discovered that these shores can furnish food for beasts of prey. Found some of the seaside brachi,

* Von Buch's Letter to Dr. Robinson.

supposed to be alluded to in Job, and translated malows in the English version; also the Sida Asiatica.

At 5 P. M., temperature 80°, as the sun declined, the wind sprang up and blew freshly from the north, and I began to feel apprehensive for the boats. Towards sunset walked along the base of the mountains to the southward to look for, but could see nothing of them. Started a snipe, and saw, but could not catch, a beautiful butterfly, chequered white and brown.

The preceding quotations announce, then, contrary to all our preconceived ideas, that on the shores of the Dead Sea the sportsman may look for a goodly assortment of game, viz., ducks, snipe, partridge, hares, while the ornithologist may expect to add specimens of singing birds to his collection, and the entomologist may perhaps succeed in capturing "*the beautiful butterfly, chequered white and brown,*" which eluded the pursuit of Lieutenant Lynch.

Having, by the aid of Mr. Lynch, so fully established the existence of animals, it would be unnecessary to quote the following passage, (p. 286,) relating to vegetable life, were it not that Mr. Lynch shows that his prejudices did not prevent him getting a glimpse of the truth, that like physical causes will produce like effects, whether in Palestine or America.

The plants we found here, besides the lily, were the yellow henbane, with narcotic properties; the nightshade or wolf-grape, supposed by Hasselquist to be the wild-grape alluded to by Isaiah; the plant used in the manufacture of barilla; and a species of kale (*Salicornia Europea*.) This plant is found wherever salt water or saline formations occur. *It was here upon the shore of the Dead Sea, and Fremont saw it on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, west of the Mississippi.* Besides the single pistachia tree, there were a great many tamarisks now also in blossom; the flowers small and of a dull white color; the wood of the tree makes excellent charcoal, and, in the season, the branches bear galls almost as acrid as the oak.

The following account, given by Mr. Monk, (son of the venerable Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol,) of his feelings on first seeing and on taking leave of the shores of the Dead Sea, deserves a special notice, not only because it appears true to nature, but because it suggests to the mind the suspicion that other travellers, who have described the same scene, have been influenced by preconceived opinions, to see everything in a gloomy point of view:—

P. 229. In about three hours, we reached the mountain brow looking down upon the valley of the Jordan; and delightfully that beautiful strange scenery burst upon our weary and dazzled eyes.

Far from looking gloomy or curse-stricken, it was the most *riant* scene I had yet beheld in Palestine. The Dead Lake itself was as brightly blue as those of Italy; the mountains of Moab and the Ammonites lifted their lofty line against the early sun, and wore a purple hue over their multiplied cliffs and promontories.

P. 240. Then came sunrise, first flushing the light clouds above, then flashing over the Arabian mountains, and pouring down into the rich valley of the Jordan. The Dead Sea itself seemed to come to life under that blessed spell, and shone like molten gold among its purpled hills.

I lingered long upon that mountain's brow, and thought that, so far from deserving all the dismal epithets that have been bestowed upon it, I had not seen so cheerful or attractive a scene in Palestine. That

luxuriant valley was beautiful as one great pleasure ground; with bosks and groves of aromatic shrubs, intermingled with sloping glades and verdant valleys. The City of Palms might still be hidden under that forest, whence the old castle just shows its battlements. The plains of Gilgal might still be full of prosperous people, with cottages concealed under that abundant shade; and that dread Sea itself shines and sparkles as if its waters rolled in pure and refreshing waves "o'er coral rocks and amber beds."

The road from hence to Jerusalem is drear and barren, and nothing but Bethany occurred to divert my thoughts from dwelling on the beautiful Dead Sea.

From the Oswego Palladium.

FISHING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

WE stated, a few days since, that Ex-President Van Buren and Francis P. Blair had gone down the St. Lawrence River on a fishing expedition. It appears that our friend Cooper, recently connected with the Rochester press, went down with the party from this city, and joined in the sport. We find his report in the Rochester *Times*, from which we copy the following. His letter is dated Alexandria Bay, Aug. 23:—

"A few miles below French Creek, where the river is most thickly studded with islands, is a little hamlet by the water side, called Alexandria Bay. Here the Bay State landed several passengers, in pursuit of sporting pleasure, including Mr. Van Buren, his friends, and your humble servant.

"The only public house at this place is kept by Mr. Crossman, who is particularly attentive to his guests. His house is not large, but is kept in a neat and orderly manner. Among the guests here, were Rev. Dr. Bethune of New York, Preston King, Senator Dart, and those I have before mentioned.

"At an early hour of the day following our arrival, all was in commotion among the sporting gentlemen, making ready for the excursion of the day. Most of those who prefer angling, employ an experienced man to row them among the islands. Mr. Bryan of Rochester, and myself, however, preferred exploring for ourselves. So we put off in a small skiff, and were soon among the Islands.

"We spent the day in fishing, and returned to head quarters at night, after rowing some twenty miles, with forty-five pickerel and bass, some of the former weighing eight pounds each. As the different parties came in, their prizes were examined, and it was found that Mr. Van Buren had taken the greatest number of fishes, while the two Rochester gentlemen above mentioned had taken the greatest amount in bulk. We should have been quite willing to have yielded the entire palm to the 'Sage of Kinderhook,' had it not been generally understood that Rochester sportsmen are considered 'some.'

"The Ex-President never looked better. I passed him several times while among the islands, as he sat erect in his skiff, eagerly watching his line, always ready for a bite, and always quick to distinguish a bite from a nibble."

"Father," said a sporting youth to his revered parent, "they say trout will bite now." "Well, well," was the consoling reply, "mind your work, and then you'll be sure they won't bite you."

From the Examiner.

Poems. By the late THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, Author of "Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy." With a Memoir. Pickering.

THE father of Thomas Lovell Beddoes was Doctor Thomas Beddoes of Clifton, a man of much vigor and originality of mind, a bold scientific inquirer and a vehement politician, Sir Humphrey Davy's early patron and one of the most ardent defenders of the First French Revolution. He married Maria Edgeworth's younger sister, and died in 1809, six years after the birth of his only son, who was left to the guardianship of a college friend of his father's, afterwards Sir Davies Gilbert. The mother of Thomas Lovell Beddoes also died while he was comparatively young—his sisters have survived him.

He went to Charter House School when he was fourteen, took a high place in the fifth form, distinguished himself in the classics, and was second boy in the school when he was removed to Oxford, in his seventeenth year. Mr. Bevan of the Western Circuit was his fag, and tells us what manner of boy he was at the school. He had an impatient, insubordinate spirit; a great turn for humor, and propensity to mischief, expressed also in a singularly shrewd, sarcastic face; was always in some kind of conflict or rebellion; and, "even when detected, his invincible assurance and deliberate defiance of the masters, together with the grim composure of his countenance, was so irresistibly comic, that I have seen them unable to speak for laughing when he was brought up for punishment." In and out of play his tastes were manly. The motto on his pasteboard shield was *Algernon Sydney's Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis*; the lads would crowd into the cloisters to hear him burlesque the popular actors, "particularly Kean and Macready;" he invented a slang language which became the general property of the school; and the books he would read and recite, and make his fag take part in, were Shakspeare, Fletcher, Jonson, Webster, and Marlow, which, says Mr. Bevan, "he read with so much propriety of expression and manner that I was always glad to listen; even when I was pressed into the service as his accomplice, his enemy or his love, with a due accompaniment of curses, caresses, or kicks, as the course of his declamation required." Throughout the school generally he was popular, less that the boys liked him, than that they feared and instinctively respected him. Without any apparent effort he acquired and retained over all of them a marked ascendancy. "He had scholarship enough," says Mr. Bevan, "to reach and maintain with ease a high place in the school; but, that point settled, he seemed to abandon all further competition, that he might establish a supremacy more to his taste." His literary powers early and characteristically displayed themselves. A Locksmith who worked for the school, one John Wylie, incurred his wrath by putting a bad lock on his book-case, and forcing him to pay as for a good one; whereupon, the very next night Wylie came to work, Beddoes had prepared a dramatic interlude representing his last moments disturbed by horror and remorse for his sins in the matter of the lock, in a second scene depicting his death, and in a third his funeral procession interrupted by fiends who bore the body off to accompany the soul to eternal torments. "The getting up," says Mr. Bevan, "was so perfect, and the dialogue, songs,

choruses, and dirge, so good in their way, and so personal and little flattering to the suffering soul, that John Wylie departed in a storm of wrath and execration, and could not be persuaded, for some time, to resume his work."

Beddoes entered residence as a commoner at Pembroke before he was seventeen, but he had already sent serious poetry to the *Morning Post*, and in his freshman's year he published his first volume. It was hardly out, however, before he was heartily ashamed of it; and the gayly-bound copies he had given to his friends but a month or two before, he would go about among their bookshelves privately and grimly eviscerating, with a chuckle to think he had left them only its glittering outside. He had now begun a regular dramatic work, which was far advanced before his freshman's year had waned, and which in his second college year, when he was not yet nineteen, was published with the title of *The Bride's Tragedy*. It could not have been published at better time. Charles Lamb had discovered the elder English dramatists not long before, critics and poets were eager in discussion and admiration of them, and here had a writer suddenly started up with precisely that order of power and genius. The story and its treatment, the terror and pity thrown into it, the tragic boldness of the writer, his power of fancy and imagery, his deficiency of art, his superabundance of passion, his licenses of imagination, all proclaimed a scion of the stock from which Webster and Marlowe sprung. With very visible crudeness of taste, there was no discernible immaturity or juvenility of power. When we read the tragedy now we perceive in it a singular and pleasing absence of all violence of effort, of all merely imitative energy reflected from books. He had found the tale among the legends of his college (that of a student of high birth who had privately married at Oxford a girl in humble life, and who, on becoming entangled in a betrothment on which his friends at home insisted, is tempted to the horrible crime of murdering his wife); and such as these scenes relate it, sudden, rapt, and passionate, we see it freshly re-written from the heart. For the simplicity and pathos of the deepest tragic feeling, and for the sweetness with which its horror is redeemed, the murder scene is unrivalled. When the poor girl is told to repent and die, she says to her murderer, with no sense but of his sudden estrangement and his tenderness passed away—

Oh, if thou wilt it, love,

If thou but speak it with thy natural voice,
And smile upon me—I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave,
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast.
He will not smile; he will not listen to me.
Why dost thou thrust thy fingers in thy bosom?
Oh search it, search it; see if there remain
One little remnant of thy former love,
To dry my tears with.

He stabs her, and in his arms she sinks and dies—

Whose kiss is that?

His lips are ice. Oh my loved Hesperus,
Help:

His love had reawakened and his remorse begun before he hears that final cry, of which he exclaims, in a line that may have lingered in Henry Taylor's ear when he wrote a similar verse in his noble *Artevelde*,

What a shriek was that!—it flew to heaven.

The most full and frank recognition of Beddoes came at once from one who was himself at that time in the flush of his own poetical fame, who spoke of him everywhere, interested the critics for him, reviewed him in the *Edinburgh*, sought his personal acquaintance, and will remain by his side as long as he shall hereafter find appreciation, as that true fellow-songster, Barry Cornwall, whose Fletcher-like muse would in his have generously greeted a greater song; as that steady friend, Mr. Procter, who followed him afterwards with unfailing solicitude through his fitful life-career. Nor was the encouragement and praise from another genuine poet, George Darley, less hearty or unmisgiving; and certainly young tragedian never had fairer start than this "boy Beddoes," as it became for a time the town-talk to speak of him. Little was it then known to those who so called him, how truly the student of Pembroke remained still the boy of Charter House. The ambition that had suggested the *Bride's Tragedy* died in the effort of producing it. As with his school-fellows, now with the poets, his power once acknowledged he abandoned further competition. Oxford itself lay heavy on him. For all that vital intellectual energy which filled him he found no vent in the dull lecture-room of Pembroke. "I did not know what to study," he says himself, "thanks to the state of education in England." He was speedily at war with the college authorities, went to lecture with his books uncut, and seized all opportunities of making known his contempt for his tutor. That after this he should have had some fear for his degree, and be put somewhat upon his mettle to read for it, was not unreasonable. While thus engaged at Southampton, in the summer of 1823, he became personally known to his biographer, Mr. Kelsall, and through him he is now more plainly visible to us. Such of his letters as have been preserved date from this time.

Clearly he was no proper subject for guidance or advice in literary study, however kind or wise the advice proffered. What poetical wealth was in him flowed forth or stopped abruptly, was subject to no law, could not be brought under the control of any, at all times simply obeyed his humor. One sees somehow at once that in mere literature he has not found his vocation, if he is ever to find it. He is throwing off an act of a new tragedy one day, and the next day producing another, the third day abandoning both. The fragments thus thrown off, from this time till the age of manhood, form with one exception nearly all of his "remains;" and what his friends greeted then with such hot and eager hope, we cannot contemplate even now with a merely cold admiration. It is not that in this youth, scarcely out of his teens, there is a luxurious wealth of sentiment, grace, and fancy; it is not that he possesses what seems an exhaustless source of beautiful forms and passionate expressions; but that the thinking and creative intellect is already so vigorously developed in him. The most fragmentary of his fragments has this mark upon it. You see but an arm, a hand, it may be; the curve of a lip; but the blood is in the veins, and inspiration has been there. Formless, characterless, undistinguishable, there is yet the opening of what may be life, and must be large and noble life—

Like the red outline of beginning Adam.

That was one of the verses which Beddoes dropped at Southampton before he returned to

college. From Pembroke he writes to Procter in rapturous admiration of Shelley's *Cenci*, and the soon-following death of that poet bitterly affected him. "What would he not have done, if ten years more, that will be wasted on the lives of unprofitable knaves and fools, had been given to him?" To Mr. Kelsall he writes that he has "three first acts" in his drawer, and has finished the first act of another, "oh! so stupid. Procter has the brass to tell me that he likes that fool *The Last Man*. I shall go on with neither." His next letter mentions as many as three acts finished, doubtless of some new venture, but he will not show them. "You may trust me they are bad; if good, I should say so and send them, being convinced that the affectation of modesty is the hardest brass of impudence and self-conceit. Be satisfied that they are damnable." After a few more months he frankly tells his friend, in apparent answer to some remonstrance, that he depends very little on his poetical faculty, but that it is his intention to complete one more tragedy; and he announces, three months later, that "a new tragic abortion of mine has absolutely extended its fetus to a quarter of the fourth act. When finished, if finished, I think it will satisfy you and myself of my poetical and dramatical impotence."

The fact would seem to be that in the course of these few months Beddoes had convinced himself of the folly and mistake of any attempt to reanimate modern tragedy by alliance with that of two centuries past. "Such ghosts as Marlowe, Webster," &c., he writes (and he was now hardly twenty-one) "are better dramatists, better poets, I dare say, than any contemporary of ours, but they are ghosts; the worm is in their pages; and we want to see something that our great grandires did not know. With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think that we had better forget than revive; attempt to give the literature of this age an idiosyncrasy and spirit of its own, and only raise a ghost to gaze on, not to live with." A couple of months more, notwithstanding, produced a new tragedy, "which at present I think of completing;" but again he subsides into what he calls his habit of "diffuseness and uninteresting delay," which duly consigns this *Second Brother* to the limbo of all its predecessors. Two more months succeed; he has taken his degree, and is about to leave college; when he thus writes, "Oxford is the most indolent place on earth. I do not intend to finish that *Second Brother* you saw, but am thinking of a very Gothic-styled tragedy, to which I have a jewel of a name—*Death's Jest-Book*; of course no one will read it." And so he left Oxford—at the age of twenty-one—his spirit already wearied and dissatisfied with such prospects of life's pursuits as it had opened to him, and carrying with him the only literary project which he lived to complete and leave after him, though he lived to the age of forty-six.

To explain the sorrowful story of such fair promise marred, such noble powers flung forth to waste, is not the object of this article. Many conspiring causes there were; nor may it even here be omitted, that his patrimony, though small, sufficed for independence. The necessity of daily toil never disciplined or restrained his impatient spirit. He could not but work, as became the craving of such capacity, but from the orderly and settled results of labor he could afford to turn contemptuously away. He selected his father's profession, and went to study physic at Göttingen. It is most

interesting to see how science takes possession of him, with what eagerness (for its own sake) he follows it, how his sphere of thought expands with it, how easily and nobly it blends with his spiritual experiences, and what extraordinary fruit it would have borne in that large nature and mind, if it had only been worked out steadily. Nor can we help feeling that this might have been so if he had but found at Oxford what he found at Göttingen. "There is an appetite for learning," he writes, "a spirit of diligence, and withal a good-natured fellow-feeling nobly unparalleled in our old apoplectic and paralytic *Almæ Matres*. I never was better employed, never so happy, never so well satisfied." But when he had completed his course at Göttingen, he went to Würzburg for his doctor's degree; resided afterwards at Strasburg for other scientific researches; made Zurich his resting-place for several years, unwearied in the pursuits it favored; still labored hard at all these places, though he labored but for his own satisfaction and self-indulgence; declined a professor's chair in comparative anatomy, to which the medical faculty of Zurich had warmly named him; fought with beasts at Ephesus in the shape of Prussian, Hanoverian, and Bavarian magnates, who successively banished him as a mischievous democrat from their various territories; supported the Swiss cause against the despots in every possible form in the German press; and finally died at Basle at the opening of 1849, from the combined effects of a fall from his horse and a wound received in a dissecting-room at Frankfurt. A few hours before he died he became conscious of the sudden summons, calmly spoke of it, and committed to writing, with a hurrying pencil but collected thoughts, a string of parting bequests and farewells. It is affecting to note that the last thoughts of his life reverted to the pursuit which had thrown a glory round its outset. None of the scientific works in which he was known to have been engaged were found among his papers, but among his injunctions written an hour or two before death was one consigning to Mr. Kelsall such manuscripts of poetry as might be found, "to print or not, as he might think proper." He died soon after he had written, in German and in a firm clear hand, upon his favorite German Bible—*For my Sisters*.

Before we proceed to speak of the portion of the bequest then made which is now discharged, we turn to the very striking series of letters which mark the phases of this extraordinary man's mind and study during his twenty-five years of manhood. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the profitless results in which they closed, no one can doubt that the workings of a noble spirit, of a large true heart, of a most original and capacious mind, are here. As mere letters, they are excellent. His descriptions of the various German lectures he attended, at once set the queer yet genial figures before us, in all their wisdom and oddity. When he talks of a picture (which is seldom) no one could possibly talk better. "There are many wonderfully mysterious heads of his," he says of Rembrandt, "which look more like evanescent revelations of people that shall be born, than representations of what men have been. They look out at you as if they were going to dive again into their cloudy elements, and as if they could not last an instant. And they are amazingly contrasted with some of Vandyke's clear and real people, who stand and sit about the walls quietly but quite

alive—and knowing that they are so, only they choose to be pictures a little longer." So, when he speaks of national follies, or absolutist tyrannies, or of a scene he has travelled over, or of a reflection which has carried him into forbidden fields of speculation (thoughts, as Shakspeare says, beyond the reaches of our souls) every letter bears something of the impress of his rare and original intellect. Of course we cannot but single out with peculiar interest what he says of that for which alone he will be a name hereafter, if he lives at all.

In one of his earliest letters from Göttingen, when he was only two and twenty, he tells Mr. Kelsall that he has lost much, if not all, of his ambition to become poetically distinguished. "To tell you truly," he says a year later, "I begin to prefer anatomy to poetry, I mean to my own. I never could have been the real thing as a writer." Yet there was no other thing so real for him, if he could have brought himself to contemplate steadily what yet he could not wholly drive out from his contemplation. "Me you may safely regard" (he writes, and he is only twenty-three when he writes it) "as one banished from a service to which he was not adapted, but who has still a lingering affection for the land of dreams." That was still the thought which seems to have haunted and disabled him. "What would have been my confusion and dismay," he writes, the year following, "if I had set up as a poet, and, later in my career, anything real and great had started up among us, and, like a real devil in a play, frightened into despair and fatuity the miserable masked wretches who mocked his majesty?" In the same letter he deliberately avows his belief that his merits have been extravagantly overrated, that he would not give a shilling for anything he had written, nor sixpence for anything he was likely to write, and that he would not be condemned to read through again, for any consideration, that very sad boyish affair, the *Bride's Tragedy*. "Read only an act of Shakspeare," he writes to Procter a couple of years after this, "a bit of Milton, a scene or two of the admirably-true *Cenci*, something of Webster, Marston, Marlowe, or in fact anything deeply, naturally, socially felt, and you will feel at once how forced, artificial, insipid," &c., &c., &c. "It is good to be tolerable, or intolerable, in any other line, but Apollo defend us from brewing all our lives at a quintessential pot of the smallest ale Parnassian." . . . "I read Shakspeare and Wordsworth, the only English books I have here—and doubt—and seem to myself a very Bristol diamond, not genuine, although glittering just enough to be sham." Years passed on, but without bringing the philosophic mind, if by that is meant the happy appreciation of oneself, which they often bring so abundantly to other poets. "I have looked at your letter again, and am not convinced by it that it is my business to get anything printed. Twenty years ago I was so overrated that of course I must fall short of all reasonable and unreasonable expectation." What, then, with all that wondrous power lying in him unused, with all that impatient energy still untamed, were his pursuits? "Sometimes I dissect a beetle, sometimes an oyster, and very often trudge about the hills and the lakes, with a tin box on my back, and 'peep and botanize' in defiance of W. W. Sometimes I peep half a day through a microscope; sometimes I read Italian (in which I am only a smatterer) or what not; and not seldom drink and smoke like an *Ætna*." Then he would break into a wild song, write it down in his letter, and

thus conclude. "And so I weave my Penelopean web, and rip it up again; and so I roll my impudent Sisyphean stone; and so I eat my beefsteak, drink my coffee, and wear my coats out at elbow, and pay my bills, (when I can,) as busy an humble-bee as any one who doth nothing." In which pursuits there passed unprofitably away one of the most original poetical writers of the present century!

But it is time that we should look for a while at this book of fragments, and see how far they justify the reckless indifference and impatient contempt so freely lavished upon them. As we have said, they are mainly what were written while the writer was yet below the age of manhood. Of the sole completed work of his maturity, his constant companion in his exile, the link between his poetry at Oxford and his anatomy and physiology at Göttingen, the connection and strange sympathy between the end of his life and its beginning, the book in which he jested with the mystery which all his science could not help him to solve—*Death's Jest Book*—we have heretofore spoken at great length.

The most important piece is that with which the volume opens—nearly four acts of the *Second Brother*, to which allusion has been already made. The principal characters in this fragment are the "second" and younger brothers of the reigning Duke of Ferrara. The scene opens on the night of a great festivity given by the younger brother, Orazio—

Batt. Sir, well met to-night;
Methinks our path is one.

Mich. And all Ferrara's.
There's not a candle lit to-night at home;
And for the cups—they'll be less wet with wine
Than is the inmost grain of all this earth
With the now-falling dew. None sit in doors,
Except the babe, and his forgotten grandsire,
And such as, out of life, each side do lie
Against the shutter of the grave or womb.
The rest that build up the great hill of life,
From the crutch-riding boy to his sweet mother,
The deer-eyed girl, and the brown fellow of war.
To the gray head and grandest sire of all
That's half in heaven—all these are forth to-night;
And there they throng upon both sides the river,
Which, guessing at its hidden banks, flows on,
A water-stream betwixt two tides of flesh:—
And still the streets pour on.

Batt. And where go they?
To the feast, the wine, the lady-footed dance—
Where you and I, and every citizen
That has a feathered and a jewelled cap,
And youthful curls to hang beside it brownly—
To the Duke's brother, Lord Orazio's palace.

Marc. (aside.) Orazio! what of him?

Mich. Ay, that's a man
After the heart of Bacchus! By my life,
There is no mortal stuff, that foots the earth,
Able to wear the shape of man, like him,
And fill it with the carriage of a god.
We're but the tools and scaffolding of men,
The lines, the sketch, and he the very thing . . .

Batt. Why then, away! let's fit our velvet arms,
And on together.

Marc. (advancing.) Nobles of Ferrara,
My gentle lords, have pity for a man,
Whom fortune and the roundness of the world
Have, from his feeble footing on its top,
Flung to deep poverty. When I was born,
They hid my helplessness in purple wraps,
And cradled me within a jewelled crown.
But now—O bitter now!—what name of woe,
Beyond the knowledge of the lips of hell,

Is fitted to my poor and withering soul,
And its old, wretched dwelling?

Batt. What is this?

The beggar Marcello is the "second brother,"
an early wanderer from his home, long supposed
dead. Orazio enters with his mistresses on either
hand, music and song attending him, and his
followers prostrate with flattery and worship.
The beggar again advances:—

Batt. Beggar, stand back, I say.

Marc. No; I will shadow your adored mortal,
And shake my rags at him. Dost fear the plague?
Musk-fingered boy, aside!

Oraz. What madman's this?

Rosau. Keep him away from me!
His hideous raggedness tears the soft sight,
Where it is pictured.

Marc. Your clutch is like the grasping of a wave;
Off from my shoulder!—Now, my velvet fellow,
Let's measure limbs. Well, is your flesh to mine
As gold to lead, or but the common plaster
That wraps up bones? Your skin is not of silk;
Your face not painted with an angel's feather
With tints from morning's lip, but the daubed clay;
These veiny pipes hold a dog's lap of blood.
Let us shake hands; I tell thee, brother skeleton,
We're but a pair of puddings for the dinner
Of Lady worm; you served in silks and gowns,
I garnished with plain rags. Have I unlocked thee?

Oraz. Insolent beggar!

Marc. Prince! but we must shake hands.
Look you, the round earth's sleeping like a serpent,
Who drops her dusty tail upon her crown
Just here. Oh, we are like two mountain peaks,
Of two close planets, catching in the air;
You, King Olympus, a great pile of summer.
Wearing a crown of gods; I, the vast top
Of the ghosts' deadly world, naked and dark,
With nothing reigning on my desolate head
But one old spirit of a murdered god,
Palaced within the corpse of Saturn's father.
Then let's come near and hug. There's nothing like
thee

But I thy contrast.—Thou'rt a prince, they say?

Oraz. That you shall learn. You knaves that
wear my livery,
Will you permit me still to be defiled
By this worm's venom? Tread upon his neck,
And let's walk over him.

Marc. Forbear, my lord!
I am a king of that most mighty empire,
That's built o'er all the earth, upon kings' crowns;
And poverty's its name; whose every hut
Stands on a coronet, or star, or mitre,
The glorious corner-stones.—But you are weary,
And would be playing with a woman's cheek;
Give me a purse then, prince.

Oraz. No, not a doit:
The metal, I bestow, shall come in chains.

Marc. Well, I can curse. Ay, prince, you have a
brother—

Oraz. The Duke—he'll scourge you.

Marc. Nay, the second, sir,
Who, like an envious river, flows between
Your footsteps and Ferrara's throne.

Oraz. He's gone:
Asia, and Africa, the sea he went on,
Have many mouths—and in a dozen years
(His absence' time,) no tidings or return
Tells me We are but two.

Marc. If he were in Ferrara—

Oraz. Stood he before me there,
By you, in you—as like as you're unlike,
Straight as you're bowed, young as you are old
And many years nearer than him to death,
The falling brilliancy of whose white sword

Your ancient looks so silverly reflect,—
I would deny, outswear, and overreach,
And pass him with contempt, as I do you.—
Jove! how we waste the stars: set on, my friends.

Batt. But the old ruffian?

Oraz. Think of him to-morrow.

They have reason, indeed, to "think of him to-morrow." As Marcello is left alone, contrasting what he had hoped of welcome with what he has found of scorn—

No lady's ghost

Did ever cling with such a grasp of love
Unto its soft dear body, as I hung
Rooted upon this brother. I went forth
Joyfully, as the soul of one who closes
His pillowed eye beside an unseen murderer,
And like its horrible return was mine
To find the heart, wherein I breathed and beat,
Cold, gashed, and dead. Let me forget to love,
And take a heart of venom: let me make
A stair-case of the frightened breasts of men,
And climb into a lonely happiness!

—the Jew Ezril, his companion to Ferrara, enters wild with the rapturous tidings of his sudden succession to the throne. The duke has been killed in hunting. The next scene is the younger brother's palace, and here we see that self-indulgence has not completely ruined the better nature of Orazio. Still unconscious of his brother's death, strange shadows had fallen over his banquet, and struck empty weariness into the laughter of his sycophants:—

Methinks these fellows, with their ready jests,
Are like to tedious bells, that ring alike
Marriage or death . . . Sweet, did you like the feast?

His mistress answers that she thinks 't was gay enough—

Now, I did not.

'T was dull: all men spoke slow and empty.
Strange things were said by accident. Their tongues
Uttered wrong words: one fellow drank my death,
Meaning my health . . . And, as they spoke together,
Voices were heard, most loud, which no man owned.
There were more shadows too than there were men;
And all the air, more dark and thick than night,
Was heavy, as 't were made of something more
Than living breaths.

So subdued, Orazio receives a veiled messenger from the wife whom he has deserted, the daughter of the noble Varini, and his heart softens with his old affection. "If she remembers me, then Heaven does too, and I am not yet lost." He asks how she fares—

Well, though the common eye, that has a tear,
Would drop it for the paleness of her skin,
And the wan shivering of her torch of life.
Though she be faint and weak, yet very well.
For not the tincture, or the strength of limb,
Is a true health, but readiness to die.

Orazio's tenderness and remorse are awakened—

Softest peace enwrap her!
Content be still the breathing of her lips!
Be tranquil ever, thou blest life of her!
And that last hour, that hangs 'tween heaven and earth,

So often travelled by her thoughts and prayers,
Be soft and yielding 'twixt her spirit's wings!

The scene, which is a most affecting one, closes with the reconciliation of the husband and wife on

the latter flinging aside her veil. But their joy is short-lived. The daughter hears her father's voice—

he's walking hither like a man,
But is indeed a sea of stormy ruin,
Filling and flooding o'er this golden house
From base to pinnacle, swallowing thy lands,
Thy gold, thine all.—

It is this which had brought her on the desperate quest of reawakening Orazio's love. She had suddenly learned her father's resolve to beggar him. Resenting his daughter's desertion, Varini has bought up the debts and mortgages of Orazio, and now comes armed with ruin.

Your palaces are mine, your sheep-specked pastures,
Forest and yellow corn-land, grove and desert,
Earth, water, wealth: all, that you yesterday
Were mountainously rich and golden with,
I, like an earthquake, in this minute take.

The wife is dragged away, and the despair of his accumulated loss gathers round the husband. But the duke's death is hurriedly announced, and Orazio's attendant guests and nobles are once more on the knee to him—when Varini, to whom the "second" brother's succession is known, again more heavily strikes him to the ground. The scene is highly dramatic. It closes with Varini's dispersion of the guests, and malediction on the recent scene of revel—

Set all the windows,
The doors and gates, wide open; let the wolves,
Foxes, and owls, and snakes, come in and feast;
Let the bats nestle in the golden bowls,
The shaggy brutes stretch on the velvet couches,
The serpent twine him o'er and o'er the harp's
Delicate chords—to Night, and all its devils,
We do abandon this accursed house.

As the tragedy moves on, however, Varini and Orazio are driven to make common cause against the new duke, the oppressor of the nobles, the supposed murderer of Valeria:—

Attend. (to Varini.) We've found the corpse.
Orazio. Her corpse! O no! she is Valeria still:
She's scarce done living yet; her ghost's the youngest!

To-morrow, she'll be—Oh what she will be!
No she—a corpse, and then—a skeleton!—

Varin. Hast looked upon her?

Attend. Death has marred her features—
So swollen and discolored their delight,
As if he feared that Life should know her sweet one,
And take her back again.

Varin. If it be so,
I'll see her once; that beauty being gone,
And the familiar tokens altered quite,
She's strange—a being made by wicked Death,
And I'll not mourn her. Lead me to the corpse.

This idea of Death perpetually recurs in the writings of Beddoes—now accompanied with what seems a lurking dread, more frequently with open scorn and laughter, never with that calm and tolerant hope which would regard it but as the consummation of life, excepting once. But even in the subjoined stately and noble lines, which are uttered by Marcello, it is not the Christian, but the stoic, who speaks to us.

Thou dost me wrong. Lament! I'd have thee do't;

The heaviest raining is the briefest shower.
Death is the one condition of our life;
To murmur were unjust; our buried sires

Yielded their seats to us, and we shall give
Our elbow-room of sunshine to our sons.
From first to last the traffic must go on ;
Still birth for death. Shall we remonstrate then ?
Millions have died that we might breathe this day ;
The first of all might murmur, but not we.
Grief is unmanly too.

Very beautiful is the answer of Orazio :

Because 't is godlike
I never felt my nature so divine,
As at this saddest hour.

What was proposed in the character of the beggar-duke Marcello, is not clearly made out in the fragment. We get but a peep at his turbulent joys :

Deep, tingling pleasures, musically hinged,
Dropping with starry sparks, goldenly honeyed,
And smelling sweet with the delights of life—

—we can but guess at the profane aspirings of his disordered ambition—

A perious sea it is,
'Twixt this and Jove's throne, whose tumultuous waves
Are heaped, contending ghosts ! There is no passing,
But by those slippery, distant stepping-stones,
Which frozen Odin trod, and Mahomet,
With victories harnessed to his crescent sledge,
And building waves of blood upon the shallows,
O'erpassed triumphant.

—But surely all that we have quoted, fragmentary as it is, proclaims a writer of the highest order—magnificent in diction, terse and close in expression, various and beautiful in modulation, displaying imaginative thoughts of the highest reach, and sweeping the chords of passion with a strong and fearless hand. Plenty of defects may be noted—scenes hastily constructed, characters exalted into mere passionate abstractions, motives too sudden, loves and revenges too abundant and intense—but never a want of sincerity, never a borrowed trick, never a gaudy irrelevance, never a superfluous commonplace.

From the same fragment we take the thoughts and fancies subjoined. And let us say to the student of poetry that all our extracts deserve the compliment of study as mere examples of a poetical style.

NOTHING ALONE.

All round and through the spaces of creation
No hiding-place of the least air or earth,
Or sea invisible, untrod, unraind on,
Contains a thing alone. Not e'en the bird,
That can go up the labyrinthine winds
Between its pinions, and pursues the summer—
Not even the great serpent of the billows,
Who winds him thrice around this planet's waist—
Is by itself in joy or suffering.

LOVE.

O that sweet influence of thoughts and looks !
That change of being, which, to one who lives,
Is nothing less divine than divine life
To the unmade ! Love ? Do I love ? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought,
As in a glory.

INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm

And soft at evening ; so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves and shut the treacherous water

Close to the golden welcome of its breast—
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The shower of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring . . .

THE IMPARTIAL BANQUET.

The unfashionable worm,
Respectless of the crown-illumined brow,
The cheek's bewitchment, or the sceptred clench,
With no more eyes than Love, creeps, courtier-like,
On his thin belly, to his food—no matter
How clad or nicknamed it might strut above,
What age or sex—it is his dinner-time.

ARGUMENT FOR MERCY.

I have a plea,
As dewy-piteous as the gentle ghost's
That sits alone upon a forest-grave
Thinking of no revenge ; I have a mandate,
As magical and potent as e'er ran
Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
Undid their fingers from the hanging steel,
And drew them up in prayer ; I AM A WOMAN
O motherly-remembered be the name,
And, with the thought of loves and sisters, sweet
And comforting !

HATE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Better thou wert the brother of his foe
Than what thou art, a man of the same getting ,
As, out of the same lump of sunny Nile,
Rises a purple-winged butterfly
And a cursed serpent crawls.

A LOFTY MIND.

His thoughts are so much higher than his state,
That, like a mountain hanging o'er a hut,
They chill and darken it.

BONA DE MORTUIS.

Ay, ay ; good man, kind father, best of friends—
These are the words that grow like grass and nettles,
Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide
Like toads among them.

From the *Second Brother* we pass to *Torrismond*, of which the principal incident is a disagreement between a loving but hasty and injudicious father, and an over-indulged but high-spirited and generous son. With this remark the extracts we give will sufficiently explain themselves.

INDULGED PASSIONS.

—The young lord,
Whose veins are stretched by passion's hottest wine,
Tied to no law except his lawless will,
Ranges and riots headlong through the world ;—
Like a dragon, on Hesperian berries
Purplely fed, who dashes through the air
Tossing his wings in gambols of desire,
And breaking rainclouds with his bulging breast.
Thus has he been from boy to youth and manhood.
Reproved, then favored ; threatened, next forgiven
Renounced, to be embraced—

A LOVER'S VEHEMENT PROTESTATION.

I will not swear, for thou dost know that easy ;
But put me to the proof, say " kill thyself !"
I will outlabor Hercules in will.

And in performance, if that waits on will,
Shall I fight sword-less with a youthful lion?
Shall I do aught that I may die in doing?
Oh! were it possible for such an angel,
I almost wish thou hadst some impious task,
That I might act it and be damned for thee.

INTERCESSION BETWEEN A FATHER AND A SON.

There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours; for, think your morning
Not lost, but given, passed from your hand to his
The same except in place. Be then to him
As was the former tenant of your age,
When you were in the prologue of your time,
And he lay hid in you unconsciously
Under his life. And thou, my younger master,
Remember there's a kind of God in him;
And, after heaven, the next of thy religion.
Thy second fears of God, thy first of man,
Are his, who was creation's delegate,
And made this world for thee in making thee.

THE LABOR OF LIFE.

What shall we do?—why, all.
How many things, sir, do men live to do?
The mighty labor is to die; we'll do 't.

A DISINHERITED SON.

O father, father! must I have no father!
To think how I shall please, to pray for him,
To spread his virtues out before my thought,
And set my soul in order after them?
To dream, and talk of in my dreaming sleep?
If I have children, and they question me
Of him who was to me as I to them;
Who taught me love and sports, and childish lore;
Placed smiles where tears had been; who bent his
talk,

That it might enter my low apprehension,
And laughed when words were lost.

How exquisite is that! And here is a lyric as
lovely, introduced by verses of as tender and melo-
dious sweetness, as anything in the whole range of
English poetry.

Veron. Come then, a song; a winding, gentle
song,

To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts;
And more of voice than that of other music
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes;
But most of thought; for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there.
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!
Begin before another dewdrop fall
From the soft hold of these disturbed flowers,
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,
And from these words I sink.

Song.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:—
So many times do I love thee, dear.
How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,

Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love again.

Elvira. She sees no longer; leave her then alone,
Encompassed by this round and moony night.
A rose-leaf for thy lips, and then good-night;
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!

And here is another, a dirge, profound in its
beauty and thoughtful melancholy, and as un-
matched in its sweetness of verse.

A DIRGE.

To-day is a thought, a fear is to-morrow,
And yesterday is our sin and our sorrow;
And life is a death,
Where the body's the tomb,
And the pale sweet breath
Is buried alive in its hideous gloom.
Then waste no tear,
For we are the dead; the living are here,
In the stealing earth, and the heavy bier.
Death lives but an instant, and is but a sigh,
And his son is unnamed immortality.
Whose being is thine. Dear ghost, so to die
Is to live, and life is a worthless lie.—
Then we weep for ourselves, and wish thee good-bye.

But we have greatly overpast our usual limits,
and must here close. Has not enough been shown
of the genius of Beddoes to justify the zealous
admiration to which we owe the publication of his
remains, mere fragments as they are? Let us
simply add that Mr. Kelsall has discharged the
task committed to him in all respects ably. The
lovers and students of English poetry are wholly
indebted to him for the preservation and publication
of these memorials of a man of true genius. Small
as was the store their writer set upon them, there
is no more danger now of their being "willingly
let die."

From the N. Y. Ev. Post.

The Beauties and Deformities of Tobacco-using,
or its Luxurious and its Solemn Realities. By L. B.
Coles. M. D. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

Though Dr. Coles is not much of a writer, he has
perfectly succeeded in stating a sufficient number of
good reasons for denouncing tobacco-using, as one of
the most pestilent vices to which this country is ad-
dicted. We wish we could communicate even a moiety
of his disgust for this filthy weed, the use of which he
says "has become the besetting sin of the church;
and of all oral indulgences the greatest enemy of
human life."

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell
Lowell. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields: Boston.

This is the fourth edition of *Sir Launfal*, which is
the best possible evidence that it fully sustains the
poetical reputation of its author. It is beautifully
printed, uniform with the publishers' edition of the
poets, and is sold in this city by Evans and Britain.

Posthumous Poems of Wm. Motherwell. Now first
collected. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

The American publishers have collected and pub-
lished this volume in a uniform style with their edi-
tion of the writings of Motherwell, that their series
might be complete. The volumes already published
comprise the Poetical Works, with the Memoir and the
Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern. This last volume
contains but few of Motherwell's best poems, but all
with whom he is a favorite, will desire to see them,
because, perhaps, more than those in either of the
other volumes, they reflect the life and personality of
the poet.

[Let no reader pass over this address, from the greatest man in Europe, without careful perusal. The extracts which the newspapers have made are good in themselves, but it is necessary to read the whole paper, in order to have a history of the late war in Hungary.]

And this history and that war are not yet completed. There will be a "Future"—and this future will draw all Europe into the strife—a strife between despotism and constitutional liberty. In this battle all the Continental powers may for a while be banded against England; and, if so, the time will have arrived "when the bread which she has cast upon the waters shall return to her"—when our swift steamers and ships shall land cargo after cargo of Americans at the head of the Adriatic, to strike tyranny in the heart; to lead the *World's battle*; and to unfurl the flag which will draw the people of all nations after it.]

ADDRESS OF KOSSUTH TO THE PEOPLE OF
THE UNITED STATES.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17, 1851.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS IN THE
UNITED STATES:

GENTLEMEN,—In the month of February last, Governor L. Ujhazi, late of Hungary, sent me a proclamation of the Hungarian leader, Louis Kossuth, addressed to the people of these United States, requesting to cause the same to be published, and to deposit its original, written in the Magyar language, in the archives of Congress.

When that valuable document came to my hands, a negotiation was pending, having for its object the liberation of Kossuth from the Turkish custody. This consideration induced me to consult confidentially with a number of distinguished citizens, occupying high and exalted stations, whom I knew to be the truest and warmest friends of the Hungarian cause and its great leader; and finding that each of them concurred with me in the opinion that the publication of that document at that time might have defeated the object of negotiation, I informed Gov. Ujhazi of it; whereupon he authorized me to retain in my possession its original until it could be safely published.

This time has now arrived. The great Hungarian leader being already under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and approaching these hospitable shores, there is no necessity of withholding it longer from the public eye.

Having set forth the foregoing explanation of reasons why the proclamation referred to was not laid sooner before the people of these United States, to whom it is addressed, I respectfully beg for it the liberality of your columns.

The original of the proclamation will remain in my possession until the next session of Congress, when it will be respectfully deposited within the hands of the representatives of the people.

I have the honor to remain, with great respect, your obedient fellow-citizen and servant,

G. TOCHMAN.

[Translation.]

ADDRESS OF KOSSUTH TO THE PEOPLE OF THE
UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Two years ago, by God's providence, I, who would be only an humble citizen, held in my hands the destiny of the reigning house of Austria.

Had I been ambitious, or had I believed that this treacherous family were so basely wicked as they afterwards proved themselves to be, the tottering pillars of their throne would have fallen at my command, and buried the crowned traitors beneath their ruins, or would have scattered them like dust before a tempest, homeless exiles, bearing nothing but the remembrance of their perfidy, and that royalty which they ought to have lost through their own wickedness.

I, however, did not take advantage of these favorable circumstances, though the entire freedom of my dear native land was the only wish of my heart. My requests were of that moderate nature which, in the condition of Hungary and Europe, seemed best fitted for my countrymen. I asked of the king, not the complete independence of my beloved country—not even any new rights or privileges—but simply these three things:—

First, That the inalienable rights sanctioned by a thousand years, and, by the constitution of my fatherland, should be guaranteed by a national and responsible administration.

Second, That every inhabitant of my country, without regarding language or religion, should be free and equal before the law—all classes having the same privileges and protection from the law.

Third, That all the people of the Austrian empire, that acknowledged the same person as emperor whom we Hungarians recognized as king, and the same law of succession, should have restored their ancient constitutional rights, of which they had been unjustly despoiled, modified to suit their wants and the spirit of the age.

The first demand was not for any new grant or concession, but simply a fresh guarantee. In the arrangement made with our ancestors, when, by their free will, they elevated the house of Hapsburg to the throne, a condition was made that the king should preserve the independence and constitution of the country. This independence and this constitution were the very vitality of our national being. During three centuries, twelve kings of the house of Hapsburg had sworn, in the presence of the eternal God, before ascending the throne, that they would preserve our independence and the constitution; and their lives are but a history of perpetual and accursed perjury. Yet such conduct did not weaken our fidelity. No nation ever manifested more faithfulness to their rulers. And though we poor Hungarians made endless sacrifices, often at the expense of our national welfare—though these kings in times of peace drew their support from us, and in times of war or danger relied upon the unconquerable strength of our army—though we ever trusted in their words—they deceived us a thousand times and made our condition worse.

While other nations were able to supply all their energies to promote the general welfare and to develop their means of happiness, we had to stand on guard, like the watchmen mentioned in Scripture, for three centuries, to prevent our treacherous kings from destroying entirely the foundation of our national existence—our constitution and independence.

I, as the representative of my countrymen, asked nothing more than a constitutional ministry, whose responsibility would prevent the king from violating his oath.

The second demand was still less for any political right. We asked for nothing more than a reform in the internal administration of the State—a simple act of justice which the aristocracy owed the peo-

ple. And in this how much the king would have gained! The strength of his throne would have been increased tenfold by thus winning the affections of his faithful people.

The third demand was prompted by humanity and fraternal feeling. It was the proper and holy mission of our nation, as the oldest member of the empire, and possessing a constitutional form of government, to raise its voice in behalf of those sister nations under the same ruler, and who were united to us by so many ties of relationship. Lovers of freedom, we would not ask liberty for ourselves alone; we would not boast of privileges that others did not enjoy, but desired to be free, in fellowship with free nations around us. This motive was inspired by the conviction that two crowns—a constitutional and a despotic crown—could not be worn by the same head—no more than two opposing dispositions can harmonize in the same breast, or that a man can be good and evil at the same time.

The king and royal family granted these requests, appealing to the sanctity of their oaths as a guarantee of their fulfilment; and I, weak in myself, but strong through the confidence of my countrymen and the noble sympathy of the Austrian people, proclaimed everywhere amidst the raging storm of revolution, that "the house of Austria should stand; for, by the blessing of the Almighty, it had begun to move in the right direction, and would be just to its people." It stood, and stood, too, at a time when, whatever might have been the fate of Hungary, the revolutionary tempest under my direction would have blown away this antiquated and helpless dynasty like chaff before the winds of heaven.

I not only preserved the house of Austria, but placed in its hands the materials of a long and glorious future—the foundation of an indestructible power in the affection of thirty-two millions of people. I tendered them the fidelity and assistance of my own heroic Hungary, which alone was able to defend them against the assaults of the world. I afforded them the glorious opportunity—more glorious than had ever been presented before—of establishing an impregnable barrier to protect freedom, civilization, and progress, against the Cossack power which now threatens Europe. To attain this honor, this glory, one thing only was necessary—that they should remain faithful to their oaths. But when was it that Austria was not treacherous? We look in vain for as much honor as is found even among robbers in the Hapsburg family.

On the very day they signed the grant of those moderate demands of the Hungarian people, and solemnly swore before God and the nation to maintain them, they secretly resolved and planned the most cruel conspiracy against us. They determined to break their oaths, to desolate the land with insurrection, conflagration, and blood, till, feeble and exhausted under the burden of a thousand miseries, Hungary might be struck from the roll of living nations. They then hoped, by the power of the bayonet, and, if necessary, by the arms of Russia, to erect a united and consolidated empire, like the Russian, of sixteen various nations; they hoped to realize their long-conceived purpose of making themselves an absolute power.

Never were so many hellish arts used against a nation before. Not suspecting a counter-revolution or an attack, we were not prepared to defend ourselves, when suddenly we were surprised by danger. The perfidious Hapsburgs, destitute of all

shame, and rejoicing in the anticipation of an easy victory, hesitated not to disclose before the civilized world their horrible plans—to subjugate us by the force of arms, to excite hatred of race, to call in the aid of robbers, incendiaries, and reckless insurgents.

At this crisis of great danger, when many of our ablest men even were ready to yield themselves to this decree of destruction, I stood among those who called the nation to arms. And, confiding in a just God, we cursed the cowards who were preparing to abandon their native land, to submit to a wicked despotism, and to purchase a miserable existence by sacrificing liberty. I called the nation to arms in self-defence. I acted not with blind presumption; and emotions of despair found no place in my breast—for he who despairs is not fit to guide a people. I estimated the valor and power of my country, and, on the verge of a fearful struggle, I had faith to promise victory, if Hungary would remain true to herself, and fortify her breast with the impulsive fire of a strong will.

To sustain the stern resolution to combat such an enemy, we were supported, first, above everything, by our unshaken confidence in God, whose ways are past finding out, but who supports the right, and blesses the cause of an honest people fighting for freedom; secondly, by a love of country and the holy desire of liberty, which make the child a giant, and increase the strength of the valiant; and, thirdly, by your example, noble Americans!—you, the chosen nation of the God of Liberty! My countrymen—a religious, a God-venerating people—in whose hearts burned the all-powerful feeling of patriotism, were inspired by the influence of your sublime example.

Free citizens of America! from your history, as from the star of hope in midnight gloom, we drew our confidence and resolution in the doubtful days of severe trial. Accept, in the name of my countrymen, this declaration as a tribute of gratitude. And you, excellent people, who were worthy to be chosen by the Almighty as an example to show the world how to deserve freedom, how to win it, and how to use it—you will allow that the Hungarians, though weaker and less fortunate than you, through the decaying influences of the old European society, are not unworthy to be your imitators, and that you would be pleased to see the stars of your glorious flag emblazon the double cross of the Hungarian coat-of-arms. When despotism hurled defiance at us, and began the bloody war, your inspiring example upheaved the nation as one man, and legions, with all the means of war, appeared to rise from nothing, as the tender grass shoots up after spring showers.

Though we were inferior in numbers to the enemy, and could not compare with their well-trained forces—though our arms were shorter than theirs—yet the heroic sons of Hungary supplied the want of numbers by indomitable bravery, and lengthened their weapons by a step further in advance.

The world knows how bravely the Hungarians fought. And it is not for me, who was identified with the war—who, obeying the wishes of the nation, stood faithfully at the helm of government—to extol the heroic deeds of my countrymen. I may mention, however, that, while every day it became more evident that the heart of Europe beat to the pulsations of the Hungarian struggle, we maintained the unequal conflict alone, cut off from the rest of the world and all external aid, till a year

ago we laid the haughty power of the tyrant house of Hapsburg in the dust; and had it not been for the intentional and traitorous disregard of my commands by one of our leaders, who afterwards shamefully betrayed the country, not only would the imperial family have been driven from Vienna, but the entire Austrian nation would have been liberated; and though by such treason this base family saved themselves from destruction, they were so far humbled in March, 1849, that, not knowing how to be just, they implored foreign aid, and threw themselves at the feet of the czar.

The emperor hoped that the Hungarian people could be terrified by his threatenings, and would prefer slavery to death; but he was deceived. He sold his own liberty to Russia for aid to enslave his people. The choice of a coward is to purchase a miserable, ephemeral existence, even though at the cost of his honor and independence.

The Austrians fought against us not only with arms and by the aid of traitors, but with studied and unceasing slander. They never ceased to impeach our motives and falsify our conduct, and vaunt the pretended justice of their own cause before the judgment-seat of public opinion. Efforts were constantly made to weaken among the people of Hungary, and among the nations of the world, that sympathy and force which spring from a righteous cause.

Free citizens of North America! you have given, in spite of these slanders, the fullest sympathy for the cause of my country. We had no opportunity to explain to you our motives and conduct, and refute the libels against us; but we said—and how truly your noble and magnanimous conduct shows it!—that such a nation knows how to defend a just and holy cause, and will give us its sympathy; and this conviction inspired us with more confidence. Oh, that you had been a neighboring nation!—the Old World would now be free, and would not have to endure again those terrible convulsions and rivers of blood which are inevitable. But the end is with God, and He will choose the means to fulfil his purposes.

Ye great and free people! receive the thanks of my country for your noble sympathy, which was a great moral support in our terrible conflict.

When the house of Austria sold itself to the autocrat, we, who were fatigued with our hard-earned victory, but not subdued or exhausted, saw with apprehension the spectre of Russian invasion—an invasion which violated the laws of nations, which was openly hostile to the cause of civilization, the rights of man, of order, and even to that principle which the diplomacy of Europe calls "the balance of power." I could not believe that the governments of Europe would permit this invasion; for I expected they would intervene to effect a treaty of peace, if not so much on our account, yet to prevent Austria becoming the vassal of Russia—to check the growing strength and influence of the latter power in the east.

We desired an honorable peace, and were willing to submit to any reasonable terms. We many times tendered the olive-branch. We asked the constitutional governments of Europe to interpose. They heard us not. The haughty imperial family, forgetting that they were the real traitors, rejected every proposition, with the defying expression, that they "did not treat with rebels." Aye, more, they threw our ambassadors into prison, and one of them—the noblest of Hungary's sons—they cowardly and impiously murdered. Still we hesi-

tated to tear asunder forever the bonds that united us. Ten months we fought, and fought victoriously, in defence; and it was only when every attempt to bring about an honorable peace failed—when Francis Joseph, who was never our king, dared, in his manifesto of the 4th of March, 1849, to utter the curse "*that Hungary should exist no longer*"—when there was no hope of arresting the Russian invasion by diplomacy—when we saw that we must fight to save ourselves from being struck off the earth as a nation—when the house of Austria, by its endless acts of injustice and cruelty, and by calling in the aid of a foreign power, had extinguished in the hearts of the Hungarian people every spark of affection—then, and then only, after so much patience, the nation resolved to declare its absolute independence. Then spoke the National Assembly the words which had long been uttered by every patriotic tongue: "*Francis Joseph! thou beardless young Nero! thou dardest to say, Hungary shall exist no more. We, the people, answer, We do and will exist; but you and your treacherous house shall stand no longer! You shall no more be Kings of Hungary! Be forever banished, ye perfidious traitors to the nation!*"

We were not only ready to accept any terms that were honorable, but we carefully abstained from doing anything which would give the czar a pretence, which he had long sought, to meddle with our affairs.

The Hungarian nation loved freedom as the best gift of God, but it never thought of commencing a crusade against kings in the name of liberty. In Hungary there were none of those propagandists who alarm so much the rulers of the Old World. There were no secret societies, plotting conspiracies. My countrymen were not influenced by the theories of communists or socialists, nor were they what the conservatives call anarchists. The nation desired justice, and knew how to be just to all, irrespective of rank, language or religion. A people so worthy of freedom were generous enough to leave something to time, and to be satisfied with a progressive development. No violence was used; no just right was attacked; and even some of those institutions were left undisturbed, which, in their principle and origin, were unjust, but which, having existed for centuries, could not be abolished at once with impunity.

The Hungarian people did not wish to oppress any, not even the aristocracy; they were more ready to make sacrifices than to punish the descendants of nobility for the evils of misgovernment, and of those institutions which emanated from their ancestors; nor would they let the many suffer for the sins of the few.

There was no anarchy among us. Even in the bloodiest conflicts, when the human passions are most excited, there was the most perfect order and security of property and person. How did the conduct of my noble countrymen compare with that of the "order-making" Austria! Whenever the whirlwind of war ceased for a while where the social elements were left in chaos, the instinctive moral feelings of this incorruptible people, in the absence of all government, preserved better order and safety than legions of police. A common spirit animated the whole nation—no secret aims, no personal or local attacks, but a bold and open defiance in the face of the world. Following the example of your great Washington, we adopted, as our policy, conciliation, justice, and legality, and scrupulously observed the laws of nations.

The Russians and Austrians made the soil of Wallachia the basis of military operations; and the Turkish government, which either knew not its own interests, or was unable to defend them, silently permitted this violation of treaties and the rights of nations, thus humbling itself and betraying its own weakness. Several times we drove our enemies across the Wallachian boundaries; for it was only necessary for our victorious army to advance into the countries of the Lower Danube to rouse the inhabitants against the Russians, and to transfer the war to their own soil. But we respected the law of nations, and stopped our conquering forces on the confines of Wallachia. Her soil was sacred to us. Austria left Gallacia almost unprotected, and collected all her forces to attack us. Had we at this time sent a small portion of our army to Poland, it would have caused a general insurrection, and that heroic, but unfortunate nation would have revenged herself by throwing the Russian empire into a state of revolution. But we acted in defence only, and we deemed it a sin to precipitate other nations into a terrible and uncertain war, and we checked our sympathies. Besides, we avoided giving the Emperor of Russia a pretence for a war of retaliation against us. Oh! it was foolish—for the despotic hypocrite made a pretence—he called our own struggle the Hungarian-Polish revolution, though the whole number of Poles in our armies did not exceed four thousand.

We doubted not that the European Powers would negotiate a peace for us, or that they would, at least, prevent the Russian invasion. They said they pitied us, honored our efforts, and condemned the conduct of Austria; but they could not help us, because Europe required a powerful Austrian empire, and they must support it in spite of its evils, as a balance against Russia in central and eastern Europe. What a mistake! What diplomacy! Is it not as clear as the sun that the Czar, in aiding Austria, would do it in such a manner, as to obtain the greatest advantages for himself? Was it not manifest that Austria—who had always, through the help of Hungary, strength enough to oppose Russia—would, when she destroyed Hungary by Russian bayonets, no longer be an independent power, but merely the *avant-garde* of the Muscovite? Yet Europe permitted the invasion! It is an indelible mark of blindness and shame. It is ever thus in the imbecile Old World. They treated us just as they treat Turkey. They assert always that the peace of Europe and the balance of power require the preservation of the Turkish empire—that Turkey must exist, to check the advance of the Cossack power. But, notwithstanding this, England and France destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino—a fleet which never could have injured them, but which might have contended with Russia in the Black Sea.

Always the same worn-out, old, and fatal system of policy!—while Russia, ever alert, seizes province after province from Turkey. She has made herself the sovereign of Moldavia and Wallachia, and is sapping the foundations of the Ottoman empire. Already Turkish officials are more dependent on the lowest Russian agents than upon their own Grand Vizier.

Oh, that Hungary had received but a slight token of moral support from the European powers—from those powers whose dreams are troubled with fears of the advance of the Cossack! Had only an English or a French agent come to us during our struggle, what might he not have done! He, too,

would have seen and estimated our ability to sustain ourselves—he would have observed the humanity, the love of order, the reverence for liberty, which characterized the Hungarian nation. Had these two powers permitted a few ships to come to Ossora, laden with arms for the noble patriots who had asked in vain for weapons, the Hungarians would now have stood a more impregnable barrier against Russia than all the arts of a miserable and expensive diplomacy.

There was a time when we, with the neighboring Poles, saved Christianity in Europe. And now I hesitate not to avow before God, that we alone—that my own Hungary—could have saved Europe from Russian domination. As the war in Hungary advanced, its character became changed. In the end, the results it contemplated were higher and far more important—nothing less, in fact, than universal freedom, which was not thought of in the beginning. This was not a choice; it was forced upon us by the policy of the European nations, who, disregarding their own interests, suffered Russia to invade and provoke us. Yes, we were martyrs to the cause of freedom, and this glorious but painful destiny was imposed upon us.

Though my dear native Hungary is trodden down, and the flower of her sons executed, or wandering exiles, and I, her governor, writing from my prison in this distant Asiatic Turkey, I predict—and the eternal God hears my prediction—that there can be no freedom for the continent of Europe, and that the Cossacks from the shores of the Don will water their steeds in the Rhine, unless liberty be restored to Hungary. It is only with Hungarian freedom that the European nations can be free; and the smaller nationalities especially can have no future without us.

Nor could the united Russo-Austrian forces have conquered my heroic countrymen had they not found a traitor to aid them in the man whom, believing in his honesty, and on account of his skill, I raised from obscurity. Enjoying my confidence, the confidence of the nation and the army, I placed him at the head of our forces, giving him the most glorious part to perform ever granted to man. What an immortality was within his reach, had he been honest! But he betrayed his country. Cursed be his name forever! I will not open the bleeding wounds by the sad remembrance of this event, and will merely mention that the surrender at Vilagos was the crowning act of a long system of treachery secretly practised—by not using the advantages which victories put in his hands—by not fulfilling my commands, under cunning pretences—by destroying national feeling in the army—by weakening its confidence—and by the destruction, through unnecessary exposures and dangers, of that portion of the army that he could not corrupt in his base designs to make himself military dictator. God, in his inscrutable wisdom, knows why the traitor was permitted to be successful. In vain fell the bravest of men in this long war—in vain were the exertions of my brave countrymen—in vain did the aged father send, with pious heart, his only son, the prop of his declining years, and the bride her bridegroom—in vain did all private interests yield to the loftiest patriotism—in vain arose the prayers of a suffering people—in vain did the ardent wishes of every friend of freedom accompany our efforts—in vain did the Genius of Liberty hope for success. My country was martyred. Her rulers are hangmen. They have spoken the impious words that the liberty-loving

nation "*lies at the feet of the Czar.*" Instead of the thankful prayer of faith, of hope, and of love, the air of my native land is filled with the cries of despair, and I, her chosen leader, am an exile. The diplomacy of Europe has changed Turkish hospitality to me and my companions into hopeless bondage. It is a painful existence. My youthful children have begun the morning of their life in the hands of my country's destroyer, and I—but no; desponding does not become me, for I am a man; I am not permitted, or I would say I envy the dead. Who is unfortunate? I am in Brousa, where the great Hannibal once lived an exile, homeless like myself, but rich in services performed for his country, while I can claim only fidelity to mine. The ingratitudes of his nation went with him in his banishment, but the sorrowful love of my countrymen follows me to my place of exile. To thee, my God, I offer thanks that thou didst deem me worthy to suffer for dear Hungary. Let me suffer afflictions, but accept them as propitiatory sacrifices for my native land.

And thou, Hungarian nation, yield not to despair! Be patient; hope, and wait thy time! Though all men forget thee, the God of Justice will not. Thy sufferings are recorded, and thy tears remembered. The blood of thy martyrs—thy noble sons—which moistened thy soil, will have its fruits. The victims which daily fall for thee are, like the ever-green cypress over the graves of the dead, the symbol of thy resurrection. The races whom thy destroyer excited against thee by lies and cunning will be undeceived; they will know that thou didst not fight for preëminence, but for the common liberty—that thou wast their brother, and bled for them also. The temporary victory of our enemies will but serve to take the film from the eyes of the deceived people. The sentiment of sympathy for our sufferings will inspire among the smaller states and races the wish for a fraternal confederation—for that which I always urged as the only safe policy and guarantee of freedom for them all.

The realization of this idea will hurl the power of the haughty despots to the abyss of the past, and Hungary, free, surrounded by free nations, will be great, glorious, and independent.

At the moment when I hardly hoped for further consolation on earth, behold, the God of mercy freed my wife, and enabled her, through a thousand dangers, to reach me in my place of exile. Like a hunted deer, she could not for five months find in her own native land a place of rest. The executioners of the beardless Nero placed a reward upon her head, but she has escaped the tyrants. She was to me and to my exiled countrymen like the rainbow to Noah; for she brought intelligence of hope in the unshaken souls of the Hungarian people, and in the affectionate sympathy of the neighboring nations who had fought against us. They had aided the wife of the much slandered governor of Hungary.

Although the sympathy of the world often depends upon the result of actions, and the successful are applauded, still Hungary, by her noble bearing and trials, has drawn the attention of the world. The sympathy which she has excited in both worlds, and the thundering curse which the lips of millions have pronounced against her destroyers, announce, like the roaring of the wind before the storm, the coming retribution of Heaven.

Among the nations of the world there are two which demand our gratitude and affection. Eng-

land, no less powerful than she is free and glorious, supported us by her sympathy, and by the approving voice of her noblest sons and the millions of her people. And that chosen land of freedom beyond the ocean—the all-powerful people of the United States, with their liberal government—inspired us with hope, and gave us courage by their deep interest in our cause and sufferings, and by their condemnation of our executioners.

The President of the United States, whom the confidence of a free people had elevated to the loftiest station in the world, in his Message to Congress, announced that the American Government would have been the first to recognize the independence of Hungary. And the senators and representatives in Congress marked the destroyers of my country's liberty with the stigma of ignominy, and expressed, with indignant feelings, their contempt for the conduct of Austria, and their wish to break the diplomatic intercourse with such a government. They summoned the despots before the judgment-seat of humanity; they proclaimed that the world would condemn them; they declared that Austria and Russia had been unjust, tyrannical, and barbarous, and deserved to be reprobated by mankind, while Hungary was worthy of universal sympathy.

The Hungarians, more fortunate than I, who were able to reach the shores of the New World, were received by the people and government of the United States in the most generous manner—yes, like brothers. With one hand they hurled anathemas at the despots, and with the other welcomed the humble exiles to partake of that glorious American liberty more to be valued than the glitter of crowns. Our hearts are filled with emotions to see how this great nation extends its sympathy and aid to every Hungarian who is so fortunate as to arrive in America. The sympathetic declaration of such a people, under such circumstances, with similar sentiments in England, is not a mere sight which the wind blows away, but is prophetic of the future. What a blessed sight to see whole nations elevated by such sentiments!

Free citizens of America! You inspired my countrymen to noble deeds. Your approval imparted confidence. Your sympathy consoled in adversity, gave a ray of hope for the future, and enabled us to bear the weight of our heavy burden. Your fellow-feeling will sustain us, till we realize the hope, the faith, "that Hungary is not lost forever." Accept, in the name of my countrymen, the acknowledgment of our warmest gratitude, and our high respect.

I, who know Hungary so well, firmly believe she is not lost; and the intelligent citizens of America have decided, not only with impulsive kindness, but with reason and policy, to favor the unfortunate, but not subjugated, Hungary. The sound of that encouraging voice is not like a funeral dirge, but as the shrill trumpet that will call the world to judgment.

Who does not see that Austria, even in her victory, has given herself a mortal wound? Her weakness is betrayed. The world no longer believes that Europe needs the preservation of this decaying empire. It is evident that its existence is a curse to mankind; it can never promote the welfare of society. The magic of its imagined power is gone; it was a delusion which can deceive no longer. Among all the races of this empire—not excepting the hereditary states—there is none that does not despise the reigning family of Haps-

burg. This power has no moral ground of support; its vain dreams of a united empire—for which it has committed the most unheard of crimes, are proved to be mere ravings at which the world laughs. No one loves or respects it; and when it falls, not a tear of regret will follow it to the grave. And fall it surely will. That moment Russia withdraws her support, the decayed edifice will crumble to dust. A shot fired by an English or by an American vessel from the Adriatic, would be like the trumpet at the city of Jericho. And this impious, foolish government thinks to control fate by the hangman's cord. How long will Russia be able to assist? This czar—who boasts that his mission is to be the scourge of all the nations striving for liberty—will not the Almighty, whose vicegerent he profanely assumes to be, blast the miserable boaster? The very character of his government is a declaration of war against the rights and interests of humanity, and the existence of other nations. Will the world suffer this long? Not long.

The Hungarian nation, in her war, has not only gained a consciousness of her own strength, but she has forced the conviction into the minds of other nations that she deserves to exist, and to be independent; and she can show justly that her existence and independence are essential to the cause of liberty in Europe. No, no! Hungary is not lost! By her faith, bravery, and by her foresight, *which teaches her to abide her time*, she will be yet among the foremost in the war of universal liberty.

You, noble Americans, we bless in the name of the God of Liberty! to you, who have summoned the murderers of my countrymen before the judgment seat of the world—to you, who are the first judges of this court—I will bring the complaints of my nation, and before you I will plead her cause. When the house of Hapsburg, with the aid of a foreign army, invaded my country, and had destroyed, by their manifesto of the 4th of March, 1849, the foundation upon which the union with Austria rested, there remained for Hungary no alternative than the declaration of independence which the National Assembly unanimously voted on the 14th April, 1849, and which the whole nation solemnly accepted, and sealed with their blood.

I declare to you, in the most solemn manner, that all which has taken place, or that may hereafter take place, proceeding either from individuals or government, contrary to this declaration, which is in perfect accord with the fundamental law of Hungary, is illegal and unjust.

Before you I assert that the accusation that the Magyar race was unjust to the other races—by means of which a portion of the Servians, Wallachians, Slavonians, and Germans, dwelling in Hungary, was excited against us—is an impious slander, circulated by the house of Hapsburg, which shrinks from no crime to weaken the united forces of our army, to conquer one race after another, and thus bring them all under the yoke of slavery.

It is true, some of the races in Hungary had reason to complain; but these subjects of complaint were the inevitable consequences of the preëxisting state of things and the Austrian interference. But the Croats had no reason to complain. This race of half a million, in a separate province, had a national assembly of its own, and enjoyed greater privileges than even the Hungarians. They contributed proportionately but half as much in taxes; they possessed equal rights with Hun-

gary; whilst the Hungarian Protestants, on account of their religion, were not suffered to own lands in Croatia. Their grievances and ours were the same in the perpetual violation of the constitution by the imperial government. But their own peculiar grievances arose from the evils of former times, and from the Austrian system of government, which forcibly placed the Slavonian, Servian, and Wallachian boundary districts on the German military footing.

The moment, however, our people became free and enjoyed their political rights, they became just, and placed all things upon a basis of freedom and perfect equality. But some of these races, blinded by the infernal slanders and suggestions of Austria, took up arms against us. This people, who for centuries had endured slavery, fought against their own freedom! God forgive them! They knew not what they did.

In America people of different languages dwell; but who says it is unjust for senators and representatives to use the English language in their debates, and to make it the official language of the government?

This was what the Magyar race asked in Hungary. There was this difference only—that in America it was not necessary to establish this by law, for the original settlers had stamped their language in the country; but in Hungary a law was necessary to make the Magyar the official language. The use of the Latin language—a bad relic of the middle ages, which the clergy and aristocracy preserved as something precious, imitating the ancient despots who caused the laws to be written in small letters and placed on high towers, that the people might not understand their rights—had been retained among us. It was necessary to have a living, spoken, popular language. And what other could we have than the noble Magyar?

How often have I, and other leaders with me, said to my countrymen that they must be strictly just; and seek their future greatness, not in the predominance of one race, but in the perfect equality of all! My counsel was adopted and made the basis of the government. The same freedom, the same privileges, without regard to language or religion, the free development of each race under the protection of the law, were accorded to all. We not only guaranteed the right to use any language in the churches and schools, but we afforded aid for the education and development of each nationality. The principle we announced was, that either the state should protect no religion, no nationality—leaving all to the free action of the people—or that it should protect all alike.

In the general administration the predominance of our language, and consequently the race that spoke it, was a necessity; but in the administration of county affairs, which in some respects resembled that of the individual States in North America, the use of each language was granted. In the courts, in the trial by jury, in the right of petition, in the republication of all laws and ordinances, the various races had the right to use their own language. In one word, nothing was left undone which could tend to place all on a footing of the most perfect equality. True, we did not—as Austria has done for political purposes solely, to enslave all the people and make the brave Hungarians a subordinate nation—make a territorial division of the lands. We respected right, and wished to progress, but were too honest to commence a system of spolia-

tion. And who has been benefited by this policy of the Vienna bureaucracy? Not even those on whom the pretended favors have been conferred.

When those races clamored for national rights, I boldly demanded what was wanting, and what could be granted without injury to the country. No one answered but reckless men, who spoke of territorial division. The Servians desired to have the comitat Bacs and the three counties of the Banat as a separate Servian State. The Wallachians wished to have Transylvania. They (the Servians) did not consider that they owned no separate portion of the land in Hungary, and that in Bacs and the Banat were Wallachians, Germans, and Magyars, who could not be made subordinate to the less numerous Servians. So, also, in Transylvania, there were Magyars, Jeklers, and Saxons, who would complain of such a connection with Wallachia.

As there were various races speaking different languages in Hungary, and divided into as many municipalities, who could blame us for laying the foundation of government in a just equality to all? Croatia alone was a separate territory; and how often have we said to her, that if she would remain in union with us, we would give her the hand of brotherhood, but if she wished to separate, we would not hinder her! We could not, however, permit such a division of Hungary as would have destroyed her as a nation. It was Austria who sowed the seeds of division and dissolution.

Citizens of America! to you I declare honestly that my aim in the federation of Hungary with the smaller nations was to secure the nationality and independence of each and the freedom of all; and had anything been wanting which could have been justly granted to any or all of the races in Hungary, the Magyars had only to know it, and it would have been performed with readiness; for freedom, and not power, was their desire.

Finally, I declare that, by the declaration of Independence by which I was elected governor of Hungary, I protest, so long as the people do not by their free will release me from that office, that no one can legally control the affairs of government but myself. This protestation is not made in a feeling of vanity or desire to be conspicuous, but from respect to the inherent rights of my countrymen. I strove not for power. The brilliancy of a crown would not seduce me. The final aim of my life, after having liberated my dear Hungary, was to end my days as a private citizen and an humble farmer.

My country, in the hour of danger, called upon me to assist in the struggle for freedom. I responded to its call. Others, doubtless, were more able, who could have won more fame, but I will yield to none in the purity of my motives. Perhaps it was confidence in my ardent patriotism and honesty of purpose which induced the people to give me the power. They believed freedom would be safe in my hands. I felt my weakness, and told them I could not promise liberty unless they were united as one man, and would lay aside all personal, all sectional interests. I foretold that, if the nation was divided, it would fall. As long as they followed my injunctions, and were united, they were unconquerable—they performed miracles of valor. The fall of Hungary commenced the day they began to divide. Not knowing the secret causes of this division, and not suspecting treachery, and wishing to inspire confidence, to give skill and all the elements of success to our army, and caring

nothing for my own fame, doing all for the good of my country, I gave command of the forces to another. I was assured by the most solemn engagement, by the man to whom I gave the power, that he would use it for the welfare and independence of the nation, and that he would be responsible to me and the people for the fulfilment of these conditions. He betrayed his country, and gave the army to the enemy. Had we succeeded after this terrible blow, he should have met his reward. And even now he is not free from his accountability to the nation, no more than I, in the moral right and sense, cease to be the governor of Hungary. A short time may again reverse the fate of all. The Aurora of Liberty breaks upon my vision, even at Broussa.

I have, therefore, intrusted to Ladislaus Ujhazi Obergespurn, of the Saros comital, and civil governor of Comorn, the mission to be my representative and through me the representative of the Hungarian nation, to the people and government of the United States, hoping and believing that so generous a people will not judge the merits of our cause by a temporary defeat, but will recognize Governor Ujhazi and his companions with the accustomed kindness.

May God bless your country forever! May it have the glorious destiny to share with other nations the blessings of that liberty which constitutes its own happiness and fame. May your great example, noble Americans, be to other nations the source of social virtue; your power be the terror of all tyrants—the protector of the distressed; and your free country ever continue to be the asylum for the oppressed of all nations.

Written at my place of banishment, Broussa, Asia Minor, 27th March, 1850.

LOUIS KOSSUTH,
Governor of Hungary.

From the Examiner, 4th Oct.

KOSSUTH.

GREAT events and small personages formed the characteristics of 1848 and 1849. The one were astounding, the other so insignificant as to be almost imperceptible. Who were the heroes of the Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milanese, and other revolutions? History has not a name to record. But were there not at least statesmen, who took advantage of the movement to ride upon it as a storm, and achieve glory for themselves if nothing durable for their country? Lamartine, perhaps, had a week of this Olympus; no other. In Germany it is difficult to say which were the more insignificant, those who attempted to carry on the revolution, or those who succeeded in putting it back. Never was courage so unguided by prudence, or knowledge by experience; never was oratory so devoid of sense, or ambition of purpose. Nor was the alllevelling rule of mediocrity confined to civilians, to kings, or to statesmen. Military men, with the fairest opportunities, the best-appointed armies, and with advantages such as few of their predecessors ever possessed, were still stricken with incapacity. The world was on tip-toe for a great man to appear, and none but little men stepped forth.

Kossuth was the exception. The public had heard of him before. He was not thrown up by the great revolutionary agitation of Hungary, and merely born of its foam. He had labored in the humblest as well as highest capacity and offices of patriotism; and as a thinker, a speaker, and a

writer, had been before the public eye of even Europe for some years. He was born in 1806 at Monok, in the north of Hungary, of parents not rich, yet possessing land, and calling themselves noble. His native district was a Protestant one, and in the pastor of that district young Kossuth found his first teacher. His parents dying, the youth, more devoted to books than farming, was despatched to the provincial college, where he remained till the age of eighteen, having earned even at that time the reputation of being the most able and promising youth of the district. In 1826, he removed to the University of Pesh, where he came in contact with the political influences and ideas of the time; and these, blending with his own historic studies and youthful hopes, soon produced, not the dreaming scholar, but the ardent, practical patriot.

According to the constitution of Hungary, the *Comitats* or electoral body treated those elected to sit in the Diet more as delegates than as deputies. They gave them precise instructions, and expected the members not only to conform to them, but to send regular accounts of their conduct to their constituents for due sanction, and with a view to fresh instructions. This kind of communication was rather an onerous task for the Hungarian country gentlemen, and hence many of the deputies employed such young men as Kossuth to transact their political business, and conduct their correspondence. Acting in this capacity for many members of the Diet, Kossuth got into intimate relation with the *comitats*, and became what we should call an expert parliamentary agent. But what he prized in this was the political esteem and influence it procured him, not the mere money or worldly advantage it might bring.

This kind of position soon made Kossuth a member himself, and from the very first he distinguished himself in the Diet as a speaker. Here he felt, and soon pointed out to his colleagues, how idle and powerless were their debates unless these were known to the public in some more efficient manner than by the private correspondence of the deputies. Won by his representations, the chief members of the Diet resolved to establish a journal for the publication of their discussions; and Kossuth was selected as one of those who were to preside over it; but the Archduke Palatine objected, of course, because the object was to curtail the reports and garble them. Kossuth, however, was enabled by the more liberal of his colleagues to publish the reports on his own account. He then extended the journal by the insertion of leading articles; and his counsels and criticisms on the instructions of the *comitats* to the deputies, so stirred the bile and counteracted the views of the Austrian authorities, that they interfered and suspended his newspaper by seizing his presses. Those were the days when lithography was a recent invention. In a short time Kossuth's reports and articles were printed by the new method, without the aid of type, and circulated even more largely, notwithstanding the increased labor and expense. This success but redoubled the inveteracy of the Austrian government, which dissolved the Diet, and no sooner were rid of its control and importunity, than they discovered and destroyed all Kossuth's lithographic apparatus. But even this did not stop his pen nor those of his many amanuenses; until at last Metternich, exasperated by his obstinacy, caused him to be seized and condemned to three years' imprisonment in the citadel of Ofen. He was liberated in 1837; and during the years

that elapsed between that epoch and 1848 the history of Hungary was that of Kossuth, who, amidst the many men of noble birth, wealth, high character, and singular talents, who surrounded him, still held his ground, and shone preëminent. In 1847 he was the acknowledged leader of the constitutional party, and member for the Hungarian capital.

It is useless to pursue the narrative of Kossuth's life any further. The events of 1848 and 1849 have passed too recently and vividly before us to need relation. The part that Kossuth played in those years was but the logical consequence of his previous life. The struggle was for the rights of Hungary, in all circumstances and against all foes. For these he fought along with the Hungarian aristocracy, as long as they had the courage to resist Austria; and when they wavered, he went on without them, appealing to the *comitats* and to the smaller landed proprietors in the absence of the greater, and to the squires instead of the nobles. This is precisely what Cromwell did in our own annals. Although this perhaps is the only point of resemblance between Cromwell and Kossuth; for Kossuth, though a Protestant, and though well placed to awaken the Protestant zeal of a large portion of his countrymen against the Jesuits and religious reaction of Austria, still always refused to employ any such means of agitation or resistance. However well he knew the force of fanaticism, he scorned to make use of it. It is one of the glories of the Hungarian struggle that it was all national and political, not religious.

Doubtless no man can have played such a part as Kossuth's with an entire freedom from faults or mistakes. It is possible that the entire emancipation of the serfs, which was due to him, might have been more prudently effected; and it is more than possible that the deposition of the house of Hapsburg, which was exclusively his work, may have alienated from him very important help at a very critical time. But however these acts may hereafter be judged, the simplicity, we may say the transparency, of his political life will remain. If he has dared extremes, it has been for objects, and with motives, quite unselfish and pure. No one has ever accused him of intrigue, of treachery, of a want of courage, or the refusal of self-sacrifice. If he had a fault, it was that of being too confiding; and such was his honesty of purpose, that even those who broke off from him, and refused to follow him to the extremes of resistance, were still not prepared to deny that he might be in the right. The Hungarian aristocracy quitted his side, and disowned his lead, but never have declared that what he did was anything but what a righteous, just, and noble statesman might have done.

No small part of a man's public character, however, is dependent on his success; and Kossuth's greatest glory is, that he did succeed. In a long series of years, with the pen, with the press, and as an orator, he defeated and repelled every effort of Austrian despotism; and when that despotism appealed at length to arms, Kossuth led the Hungarians to meet it in arms, and the result was the victory of the Hungarians. Afterwards Russia came to fling both sword and purse into the scale, and then no doubt Kossuth, betrayed by some of his false and weak-hearted generals, succumbed. But he had every reason to expect that liberal Europe would have prevented so dangerous an intervention, which in truth has laid Austria first, and with Austria the entire east, at the feet of the Czar.

From the Spectator, 4th Oct.

KOSSUTH AND AUSTRIA.

FACTS have their falsehood and their unconscious self-reflecting satire, as well as words. The same paper which announced to the good people of Vienna the reception of Kossuth on board the American steamer, contained the account of his trial and conviction at Pesth, par contumace. He was sentenced to be hanged by proxy, with thirty-five of his companions; the proxies being black boards of wood. He was undergoing that supposititious strangulation precisely at the time when he was enjoying the fresh breezes of the sea and liberty.

The contrast between the fact and the figment is striking—between the deadly, malignant, choking figment, and the healthful, hopeful, breathing fact. The figment may stand for the obstinately blind view of Austria, which refuses to see anything inconsistent with her own old predominance; a Viennese view of the universe, strictly confuted in the fact. The figment is a confession too that the desires of Austria exceed her power: she is tyrannical, she would be more so, but she cannot, with all her forces, make her power equal to her will; and in the impotency of her formal revenge she proclaims to her subjects at once these two important truths—that, tyrannical as she is, she is not so tyrannical as she would be; that, powerful as she is, she is not omnipotent.

It may be said that the hanging is no more than a form: but forms are the language of office, often more expressive than words.

The joint phenomenon supplies a curious test for the influence of the two contending powers—victorious Austria, and the fugitive Tell of Hungary. Here is a vast civil and military power, with everything at command to enforce its decrees, reestablished throughout the length and breadth of its territories, and yet unable, anywhere, to enforce its control except *vi et armis* and in detail. Possessing vast resources with which it *might* serve the millions under it, and making now and then some questionable attempts even in that direction here and there, it cannot get up a belief that it is a beneficence. With all its immense power, it asks for money and cannot have it; there is no confidence in it. With its immense accumulation for defence and offence, it has so little confidence in itself, that it must take unceasing and elaborate precautions against men who are far away in exile or at sea.

At sea, stripped of all power and means, guest in a strange ship, Kossuth exercises in the country from which he is exiled an influence which the Austrian can do no more than envy. Without guards, the tangible majesty that doth hedge an emperor, Kossuth is safe. He asks not for money, and it is brought to him, unasked, and by the hand of a stranger. He shows himself, and the people even of foreign lands are impatient to meet him. The sycophants of Francis Joseph must hire hordes of claqueurs to perform the delight which is to be manifested by his beloved subjects.

The man who has been driven forth from his usurped government, say the Austrians, is a worthless man, a vagabond, a vaurien, a plebeian; a great talker, and nothing more; a schemer, unscrupulous, reckless for others, cowardly for himself, not honest in money-matters. Some of these charges are intelligible enough. Kossuth rose in life entirely through his own talents and personal in-

fluence; he, without high connexions, forced upon the nobles of Hungary a series of reforms for which all of them obtained some credit, and many of them retained no small grudge against the real author. He, if we mistake not, was instrumental in teaching the Hungarians how, out of the technicalities of the law, they might find a sure means of enforcing a kind of Encumbered Estates Act, repealing the exclusive rights of fictitious noble land-proprietors. It is easy to see how unproved reports of dishonesty might be levelled at such a man—reports wholly unproved by evidence, yet proved only too well for the belief of class prejudice and even honest bigotry.

The influence of that winning voice, say the Austrians, never extended further than the sounds could reach, and is now quite gone. Strange, then, that Kossuth should have been able to govern a whole country, to organize combinations, to raise money. Strange, if his influence has gone so totally, that precautions against him should be needed. Strange, if he is that worthless creature, that he should be more formidable to Austria than the author of some detected swindle. The popular estimation of him may indeed have been exaggerated; but if so, all his factitious influence, perhaps even all his true influence, is the creation of his accusers. If such a man as Kossuth is described to be by his official adversaries, has any influence, it must be because his country is badly governed. The influence of Kossuth in Hungary is the measure of Austrian impolicy and turpitude.

From the Spectator.

NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 4 OCT.

THE name of Kossuth has been nailed to the gallows in Hungary. The local authorities at Marseilles refused him permission to travel through France until they have consulted the government at Paris. In England, preparations are making to offer him a banquet on landing; and the common council of London and other great cities are voting addresses to him. England freely and frankly expresses her sentiments towards the cause, of which the ex-dictator of Hungary is received as the representative; France hesitates, and trims between her fear of free opinion and her desire to stand well with the old despotisms; and Austria indulges her spleen by attempting to stigmatize the name of Kossuth with a silly and barbarous judicial contumely, as obsolete almost in all other European states as the burning of heretics. It is not easy to decide whether the festive preparations in England or the paltry insult of Austria declares more clearly, that Kossuth, exiled, landless, penniless, is still a power, because identified with the cause of his nation.

The liberation of Kossuth has been the subject of diplomatic notes interchanged between Austria and the Porte, which have found their way into the columns of the newspapers. The craven anxiety to bully the Ottoman government in this matter, which shines through every line of the Austrian note, presents in a still more glaring light than even the nailing of the ex-dictator's name to the gallows, the humiliating spectacle of a powerful government trembling before one man, and that man an exile. The Austrian minister concludes his letter with a virtual threat, unwarranted by the law of nations. "Such a proceeding as that now

complained of," he writes, "will completely justify Austria, in presence of impending questions, to consider nothing but her own interest in her relations with the Turkish empire." The humanity of modern times has practically established the rule of action, that political refugees are not to be delivered up by a foreign state to the government from whose vengeance they have escaped. All nations have an interest in the observance of this rule, which renders political struggles less bloody, less animated by a rancorous thirst for personal revenge.

Unfortunately circumstanced as the Porte is, the above threat cannot be considered an empty bravado. Russia has at no time condescended to cover, even with the most transparent veil of diplomatic courtesy, her designs upon Turkey. The jealousy of Austria, much more than Turkish power of resistance, has contributed hitherto to arrest or limit those designs. But the Austrian government is now in a mood to avenge itself for the liberation of Kossuth, by making common cause with Russia against Turkey, in defiance of every consideration of prudence.

At the same moment that the Ottoman government is thus threatened by a hostile combination from without, it has contrived to involve itself in a quarrel with its most powerful feudatory, the Pasha of Egypt. The grudge between the courts of Constantinople and Alexandria is of old standing; the ostensible reasons of the present breach are new. The Pasha of Egypt has concluded an agreement with an English company for the construction of a railway across the Isthmus of Suez. The ministers at Constantinople objected to the execution of the scheme before it was authorized by the Sultan; and a very peremptory despatch, intimating their resolution on this head, was prepared, and only withheld on the representations of Sir Stratford Canning. In the mean time, a detachment of Turkish soldiers, passing through Egypt to the Hedjaz, were disarmed on entering the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, though the arms were restored as soon as the soldiers were again beyond the walls. In thus acting, the Egyptian authorities say that they have only enforced an old and well-known rule: but they have thereby so irritated the Porte, that the peremptory despatch respecting the railway has been forwarded. The Turkish empire is in consequence menaced at once with internal dissensions and foreign aggression.

When it is considered that Greece is the stronghold whence Austrian and Russian diplomacy have so frequently aimed their aggressions against Turkey, and that England's protectoral relation to the Ionian Islands involves her in the tracasseries of Greek politics, the reminiscences of the last Syrian war naturally inspire some anxiety regarding the part our Foreign Secretary may see fit to play in the impending broils.

Among other inconveniences that attend any abandonment of principle, is this, that parties guilty of it are readily believed to be capable of conduct much worse than they have been guilty of. The proceedings of the French ministers against the press have been so flagrantly opposed to the principles upon which a free government ought to be conducted, that almost any imputation against them gains credence. This is the only way in which we can account for the disposition that has been shown to receive as true the monstrous story of their intention to impeach the members of the Mountain who have subscribed to the Mazzini loan. Yet it must be confessed that the story is told with such minute-

ness of detail as predisposes to a suspicion that there may be something in it, and might almost justify a contradiction from the French government—a step not to be taken lightly in matters of scandalous political gossip. It is said that the government lawyers recommend the impeachment on the ground that the Italian loan will be spent upon acts of rebellion against the Pope; that the French army will be employed to defend and reinstate his Holiness; and that, therefore, the representatives who have contributed to the loan will have been subscribing for the purchase of arms and payment of men to fight against the army of France! If the tribunals of Europe could be induced to hold such an argument sound in law, the house of Rothschild and other great dealers in national loans would be driven to become members of the Peace Society in self-defence; for the breaking out of any war whatever would be sure to expose one or other of them to an impeachment. If the French government can bring itself to act upon such reasons, and persuade its courts of law to pronounce them valid, we must seek for a parallel to the political condition of France, not in any of the most despotic European states, but in those Oriental despotisms where the ruler's whim for the moment is law—where laws and institutions are but an organized anarchy. Louis Napoleon, in the *Abd-el-Kader* correspondence, wrote to the Marquis of Londonderry—"les honneurs sont impuissants à paralyser les nobles dispositions de mon âme"; he will be unable to repeat the boast if he sanction the impeachment of the representatives who have subscribed to the Mazzini loan.

THE most interesting item of news received from America by the last mail relates to the festivities with which the opening of the railways connecting Boston with the Canadas have been celebrated in that city. The completion of the various lines of railway now contemplated or in actual operation in Canada, will introduce a new era in the colony; will render it the great high-road of the transit traffic of the new north-western states of Iowa and Wisconsin. That line which is already opened will draw closer the bonds of amity between the province and New England, that portion of the Union which retains most of its English sympathies. The President of the United States and the Governor-General of British North America were both present at "the jubilee"; and their intercourse was of that homely, unostentatious, yet cordial character, which best becomes high dignities of the Anglican race.

Foreshadows; or, Lectures on Our Lord's Miracles, as Earnests of the Age to Come. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D., Author of "Apocalyptic Sketches."

FROM taking the miracles of Christ as the subject of a series of lectures Dr. Cumming attains a unity; but the main interest of the book is owing to its frequent allusions to contemporary events and opinions, which give it a present and lifelike character. The sermons, too, have a natural and familiar air, originating in their mode of publication. They were preached from notes, and published, at the desire of the congregation, from an accurate report. They consequently want, as their author says, "the exact polish resulting from elaborate writing;" but they more than make up for this by their almost gossiping divergence of topic and diffusion of style. —*Spectator*.

From the Ladies' Companion.

MRS. HARRIET LEE.

THE LAST SURVIVING AUTHOR OF "THE CANTERBURY TALES."

If Old Age be always—more or less—venerable, surely it is never so much so as when reposing in dignified retirement apart from the strife and struggle of busy life; enjoying that rest which has been justly earned by honorable exertions, and the fulfilment of difficult duties in earlier years; and waiting the final summons with hopeful trust and calm content.

We have rarely felt more impressed with this truth than on recently reading in the newspaper obituaries the name of Mrs. Harriet Lee, at the advanced age of ninety-five. Belonging to the generation of the grandmothers and great grandmothers of the active, stirring, reading, writing, ruling, prime-of-life men and women of the present day, her having tarried among us so long seemed a sort of anomaly the more strange when announced, because previously so little known even in the Republic of Letters, which is usually pretty well informed about the doings of its *citoyens* and *citoyennes*. A brief retrospect of the lives of the two sisters will perhaps, however, best lead up to our subject.

Sophia and Harriet Lee were the daughters of a gentleman who, originally articled to a solicitor, subsequently adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia, the elder, was born in 1750, and though early evincing a taste for literature, the domestic duties which devolved on her in consequence of the early death of her mother seem to have delayed the development of her powers. She did not appear as an authoress till her thirtieth year, when a comedy from her pen, called "The Chapter of Accidents," was brought out at the Haymarket under the management of the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits derived from this play were devoted to the establishment of a ladies' school at Bath, where both sisters now settled, and seem to have combined for many years, in a singularly happy manner, the arduous duties of instruction and authorship. In 1784 Miss Lee published "The Recess," which may justly be considered the pioneer of the historical romance. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth; Norfolk, Essex, Leicester, and the unhappy Queen of Scots, being the principal real personages introduced. It is a book which, judged even by the modern canons of criticism, displays many admirable qualities. Somewhat verbose it is, and replete with minute details; but in those days a good novel was a feast never complained of for the tediousness of its courses; it is full of high-wrought romantic incidents, verging on the debatable ground between the improbable and the impossible; but sixty or seventy years ago we suspect the delicate flavor of the genuine simple story would have been voted insipid and unpalatable. While, with these drawbacks—to modern readers—"The Recess" is still remarkable for the brilliant imagination and vigorous construction of plot it displays, the true and powerful historical coloring which is maintained throughout; and last though by no means the least charm—since it is one in which so many modern would-be novelists fail—for a lucid and euphonious style which shows that composition had been studied as an art. It has been said that Scott was indebted to this novel for many suggestions for his Kenilworth; and he,

so rich in gifts that were all his own, would probably have been the first to acknowledge his obligation.

About the year 1797, the first volume of the celebrated "Canterbury Tales"—the joint production of the two sisters—appeared, and met with so decided a success, that the series was quickly extended to five volumes. The plan and outline of this work belonged exclusively to Harriet, the younger sister, although the author of "The Recess" contributed "The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys," and "The Clergyman's Tale, or Pembroke;" together with the narrative introduction to the first volume. To Harriet Lee, however, belongs the fame of having written the powerful and original story of "Kruitzner," which appeared in the fourth volume of the "Canterbury Tales," and suggested to Lord Byron, as is so widely known, his tragedy of "Werner." Indeed, the noble poet acknowledged and announced his obligation, saying, in his preface—"I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Strahlenheim) added by myself; but in the rest the original is chiefly followed."

A writer in the twelfth volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* is very severe on Byron, declaring that he has invented nothing, and contrasting his manner of appropriation with that of Shakespeare, who, when he was indebted to some old novelist for a story, breathed a life into the characters which they had never possessed before. Writing of Werner, this critic says:—"Indeed, but for the preparation which we had received from our old familiarity with Miss Lee's own admirable work, we rather incline to think we should have been unable to comprehend the gist of her noble imitator, or rather copier, in several of what seem to be meant for his most elaborate delineations. The fact is, that this undeviating closeness, this humble fidelity of imitation, is a thing so perfectly new in anything worthy of the name of literature, that we are sure no one, who has not read the 'Canterbury Tales,' will be able to form the least conception of what it amounts to."

"Those who have never read Miss Lee's book will, however, be pleased with this production; for, in truth, the story is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of 'Waverley.' It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that the 'Canterbury Tales' exhibit more of that species of invention which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding."

* In the preface to one of the later editions of the "Canterbury Tales," Harriet Lee writes that they "were first called such in *badinage* between the authors, as being a proverbial phrase for gossiping, long stories; certainly with no thought of blending them with the recollection of our great English classic."

"'Kruitzner, or the German's Tale,' possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure; strength of characters, and admirable contrast of characters; and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with and subservient to the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is, the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son, in his turn, has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme, on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a—Murderer!"

Though newer names are more familiar in our mouths than that of Harriet Lee, it is not difficult to imagine the high consideration in which she was held, both by the readers and the critics of a past generation. We have failed to discover any published memoir of importance of this venerable lady, but we cannot help conjecturing what an autobiography she might have written, and what curious and intensely interesting memoranda of her life may possibly be in existence. Authentic records show her as the friend of Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble, and Jane Porter, and General Paoli; and as a clear-judging seer, who predicted the success and celebrity of Sir Thomas Lawrence. What a world of the past do these names conjure up! and what a homily on the length and the brevity, the greatness and the littleness, of human life do they—in connection with the survivor of all—suggest! To have predicted the fame of the boy-artist, and then to live on till they who at his prime he painted in their youthful bloom have faded to elderly matrons; to have been born when George the Third was a stripling prince, and live into the blessed reign of Victoria, and the days of a Crystal Palace; to have been an intelligent little maiden ere Napoleon lived, and before Louis Seize mounted his rotten, crumbling throne! What a century to have so nearly rounded! What an experience to have crowded even into ninety-five years!

In the year 1803 Sophia and Harriet Lee relinquished their school, having not only acquired a provision for their old age, but established a large family of nephews and nieces in life. A few years afterwards they took up their abode in a charming house at Clifton, and honored and esteemed for all the virtues which adorn private life, and famous for talents which had always been employed to improve while they amused, they must have spent many years of repose and enjoyment not easily to be overestimated.

Sophia Lee expired at the ripe age of seventy-four, on the 13th March, 1824, in the arms of that attached sister who was destined so long to survive her. Once during the last twenty-seven years we hear of Mrs. Harriet Lee as an author; about fifteen years ago a play from her pen was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, but it failed to attract and soon sank into oblivion. With this exception her existence seems scarcely to have been recognized beyond the limited, yet not narrow circle, of her intimate and admiring friends. She met old age gracefully, and it was tenderly kind to her. By those who knew her to the last her memory is said to have retained its always remarkable vigor, and her wonderful conversational powers to have remained unabated. But no persuasions—and must they not have been many!—drew her into general society. We have no account of her faded cheeks and snowy locks decked out for "midnight revelries;" no mention of her among the coteries. No;

her truly venerable old age was one of honor, dignity, and repose; the proper sequence to the activity and energy of early life. Mrs. Harriet Lee died at Clifton on the 1st of August, conscious of her approaching end, and devoutly happy and resigned. C. C.

From the Tribune.

OUR SUGAR-CAMP.

BY ELMINA WALDO CAREY.

OUT where the maples in grandeur rise,
Our camp-fire used to blaze so bright;
And numberless sparks went up to the skies
On many an early spring-time night.

There many a time, in my childish glee,
I have played till late grew the evening hour,
Hiding behind some huge old tree,
Which seemed to me like a mighty tower.

They were cunning houses we used to build,
With rarest moss to carpet the floor;
Where broken china the cupboard filled,
And a space was left for the open door.

There the elder-wives that we used to get,
Of the prettiest and deepest green;
And the mushroom bells I remember yet,
Though such ones since I have never seen.

And there, when the camp-fire dimly burned,
How our hearts were filled with childish fear,
If, as our homeward steps we turned,
The hooting owl we chanced to hear!

When I think of those hours, so precious sweet,
And what careless children we used to be,
And of the little o'er-wearied feet—
The smiling faces I almost see.

But those loved faces I see no more
As I saw them there in days gone by;
For they cheerfully crossed to the unknown shore,
And are angels, happier far than I.

And now, sometimes, in that grove so dear,
I walk alone in the early March;
But the desolate cabin is lone and drear,
And dead leaves lie in the fallen arch.

God in Disease; or the Manifestations of Design in Morbid Phenomena. By James F. Duncan, M. D., &c.

THE arguments or views of Dr. Duncan are various enough, but his main object is to trace design in disease. While he confines himself to the medical branch of his theme—as the uses of pain, the beneficence, so to speak, visible in the efforts and adaptations of the constitution to preserve life or restore health—he is full and interesting; though some of his expositions have not the novelty he seems to attach to them. His theological arguments partake of the sermon, and are a little diffuse. The spiritual use of sickness is a field so well cultivated as to be exhausted; many will demur to some of the Doctor's other views. The notion of Satanic agency as a cause of sickness will not receive much favor at present, any more than the theory to which Dr. Duncan finally inclines—that every attack of illness is of the nature of a special intervention. In logical result Dr. Duncan succeeds no better than many authors of higher pretensions—as some of the writers of the *Bridgewater Treatises*. The mind is as often thrown back upon Necessity as brought to perceive manifestations of Design.—*Spectator*.

From the National Era.

BENEDICITE

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

God's love and peace be with thee ! where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair.

Whether, through city casements, comes
The kiss to thee in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens over thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace.

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead ;

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day !

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be !

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need !

God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer on this sweet day,
As thou may'st hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away ! J. G. W.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XLVI.—A GLANCE AT THE "PREFECTURE DE POLICE."

Poor Mahon's melancholy story made a deep impression upon me, and I returned to Paris execrating the whole race of spies and "Mouchards," and despising, with a most hearty contempt, a government compelled to use such agencies for its existence. It seemed to me so utterly impossible to escape the snares of a system so artfully interwoven, and so vain to rely on innocence as a protection, that I felt a kind of reckless hardihood as to whatever might betide me, and rode into the Cour of the Prefecture with a bold indifference as to my fate that I have often wondered at since.

The horse on which I was mounted was immediately recognized as I entered ; and the obsequious salutations that met me showed that I was regarded as one of the trusty followers of the minister ; and in this capacity was I ushered into a large waiting-room, where a considerable number of persons were assembled, whose air and appearance, now that necessity for disguise was over, unmistakably pronounced them to be spies of the police. Some, indeed, were occupied in taking off their false whiskers and moustaches ; others were removing shades from their eyes ; and one was carefully opening what had been the hump on his back, in search of a paper he was anxious to discover.

I had very little difficulty in ascertaining that these were all the very lowest order of "Mouchards," whose sphere of duty rarely led beyond the Faubourg or the Battryolles, and indeed soon saw that my own appearance amongst them led to no little surprise and astonishment.

"You are looking for Nicquard, Monsieur ?" said one, "but he has not come yet."

"No ; Monsieur wants to see Boule-de-Fer," said another.

"Here's José can fetch him," cried a third.

"He'll have to carry him, then," growled out another, "for I saw him in the Morgue this morning !"

"What ! dead ?" exclaimed several together.

"As dead as four stabs in the heart and lungs can make a man ! He must have been meddling where he had no business, for there was a piece of a lace ruffle found in his fingers."

"Ah, voila !" cried another, "that comes of mixing in high society."

I did not wait for the discussion that followed, but stole quietly away, as the disputants were waxing warm. Instead of turning into the Cour again, however, I passed out into a corridor, at the end of which was a door of green cloth. Pushing open this, I found myself in a chamber, where a single clerk was writing at a table.

"You're late to-day, and he's not in good humor," said he, scarcely looking up from his paper, "go in !"

Resolving to see my adventure to the end, I asked no further questions, but passed on to the room beyond. A person who stood within the door-way withdrew as I entered, and I found myself standing face to face with the Marquis de Maurepas, or, to speak more properly, the minister Fouché. He was standing at the fire-place as I came in, reading a newspaper, but no sooner had he caught sight of me than he laid it down, and, with his hands crossed behind his back, continued steadily staring at me.

"Diable !" exclaimed he, at last, "how came you here !"

"Nothing more naturally, sir, than from the wish to restore what you was so good as to lend

me, and express my sincere gratitude for a most hospitable reception."

"But who admitted you?"

"I fancy your saddle-cloth was my introduction, sir, for it was speedily recognized. Gesler's cap was never held in greater honor."

"You are a very courageous young gentleman, I must say—very courageous indeed," said he, with a sardonic grin that was anything but encouraging.

"The better chance that I may find favor with Monsieur de Fouché," replied I.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said he, seating himself in his chair, and motioning me to a spot in front of it. "Who are you?"

"A lieutenant of the 9th Hussars, sir; by name Maurice Tiernay."

"I don't care for that," said he, impatiently; "what's your occupation?—how do you live?—with whom do you associate?"

"I have neither means nor associates. I have been liberated from the Temple but a few days back; and what is to be my future, and where, are facts of which I know as little as does Monsieur de Fouché of my past history."

"It would seem that every adventurer, every fellow destitute of home, family, fortune, and position, thinks that his natural refuge lies in this ministry, and that I must be his guardian."

"I never thought so, sir."

"Then why are you here? What other than personal reasons procures me the honor of this visit?"

"As Monsieur de Fouché will not believe in my sense of gratitude, perhaps he may put some faith in my curiosity, and excuse the natural anxiety I feel to know if Monsieur de Maurepas has really benefited by the pleasure of my society."

"Hardi, Monsieur, bien hardi," said the minister, with a peculiar expression of irony about the mouth that made me almost shudder. He rang a little hand-bell as he spoke, and a servant made his appearance.

"You have forgotten to leave me my snuff-box, Geoffroy," said he mildly to the valet, who at once left the room, and speedily returned with a magnificently-chased gold box, on which the initials of the First Consul were embossed in diamonds.

"Arrange those papers, and place those books on the shelves," said the minister. And then turning to me, as if resuming a previous conversation, went on—

"As to that memoir of which we were speaking t'other night, Monsieur, it would be exceedingly interesting just now; and I have no doubt that you will see the propriety of confiding to me what you already promised to Monsieur de Maurepas. That will do, Geoffroy; leave us."

The servant retired, and we were once more alone.

"I possess no secrets, sir, worthy the notice of the minister of police," said I boldly.

"Of that I may presume to be the better

judge," said Fouché calmly. "But waving this question, there is another of some importance. You have, partly by accident, partly by a boldness not devoid of peril, obtained some little insight into the habits and details of this ministry; at least, you have seen enough to suspect more, and misrepresent what you cannot comprehend. Now, sir, there is an almost universal custom, in all secret societies, of making those who intrude surreptitiously within their limits, to take every oath and pledge of that society, and to assume every responsibility that attaches to its voluntary members—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but my intrusion was purely involuntary; I was made the dupe of a police spy."

"Having ascertained which," resumed he, coldly, "your wisest policy would have been to have kept the whole incident for yourself alone, and neither have uttered one syllable about it, nor ventured to come here, as you have done, to display what you fancy to be your power over the minister of police. You are a very young man, and the lesson may possibly be of service to you; and never forget that to attempt a contest of address with those whose habits have taught them every wile and subtlety of their fellow-men, will always be a failure. This ministry would be a sorry engine of government if men of your stamp could outwit it."

I stood abashed and confused under a rebuke which, at the same time, I felt to be but half deserved.

"Do you understand Spanish?" asked he suddenly.

"No, sir, not a word."

"I am sorry for it; you should learn that language without loss of time. Leave your address with my secretary, and call here on Monday or Tuesday next."

"If I may presume so far, sir," said I, with a great effort to seem collected, "I would infer that your intention is to employ me in some capacity or other. It is, therefore, better I should say, at once, I have neither the ability nor the desire for such occupation. I have always been a soldier. Whatever reverses of fortune I may meet with, I would wish still to continue in the same career. At all events, I could never become a—a —"

"Spy. Say the word out; its meaning conveys nothing offensive to my ears, young man. I may grieve over the corruption that requires such a system; but I do not confound the remedy with the disease."

"My sentiments are different, sir," said I resolutely, as I moved towards the door. "I have the honor to wish you a good morning."

"Stay a moment, Tiernay," said he, looking for something amongst his papers; "there are, probably, situations where all your scruples could find accommodation, and even be servicable, too."

"I would rather not place them in peril, Mons. Le Ministre."

"There are people in this city of Paris who would not despise my protection, young man; some of them to the full as well supplied with the gifts of fortune as Mons. Tiernay."

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it!" said I, sarcastically; for every moment now rendered me more courageous.

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it!" repeated he after me, with a wave of the hand in token of adieu.

I bowed respectfully, and was retiring, when he called out in a low and gentle voice—

"Before you go, Mons. de Tiernay, I will thank you to restore my snuff-box."

"Your snuff-box, sir?" cried I, indignantly, "what do I know of it?"

"In a moment of inadvertence, you may, probably, have placed it in your pocket," said he, smiling; "do me the favor to search there."

"This is unnecessary insult, sir," said I fiercely; "and you forget that I am a French officer!"

"It is of more consequence that you should remember it," said he calmly; "and now, sir, do as I have told you."

"It is well, sir, that this scene has no witness," said I, boiling over with passion, "or, by Heaven, all the dignity of your station should not save you."

"Your observation is most just," said he, with the same coolness. "It is as well that we are quite alone; and for this reason I beg to repeat my request. If you persist in a refusal, and force me to ring that bell——"

"You will not dare to offer me such an indignity," said I, trembling with rage.

"You leave me no alternative, sir," said he, rising, and taking the bell in his hand. "My honor is also engaged in this question. I have preferred a charge——"

"You have," cried I, interrupting, "and for whose falsehood I am resolved to hold you responsible."

"To prove which, you must show your innocence."

"There, then—there are my pockets; here are the few things I possess. This is my pocket-book—my purse. Oh, heavens, what is this!" cried I, as I drew forth the gold box, along with the other contents of my pocket; and then, staggering back, I fell, overwhelmed with shame and sickness, against the wall. For some seconds I neither saw nor heard anything; a vague sense of ineffable disgrace—of some ignominy that made life a misery, was over me, and I closed my eyes with the wish never to open them more.

"The box has a peculiar value in my eyes, sir," said he; "it was a present from the First Consul, otherwise I might have hesitated——"

"Oh, sir, you cannot, you dare not, suppose me guilty of a theft. You seem bent on being my ruin; but, for mercy's sake, let your hatred of me take some other shape than this. Involve me in what snares, what conspiracies you will,

give me what share you please in any guilt, but spare me the degradation of such a shame."

He seemed to enjoy the torments I was suffering, and actually revel in the contemplation of my misery; for he never spoke a word, but continued steadily to stare me in the face.

"Sit down here, Monsieur," said he, at length, while he pointed to a chair near him; "I wish to say a few words to you, in all seriousness, and in good faith, also."

I seated myself, and he went on.

"The events of the last two days must have made such an impression on your mind that even the most remarkable incidents of your life could not compete with. You fancied yourself a great discoverer, and that, by the happy conjecture of intelligence and accident, you had actually fathomed the depths of that wonderful system of police, which, more powerful than armies or councils, is the real government of France! I will not stop now to convince you that you have not wandered out of the very shallowest channels of this system. It is enough that you have been admitted to an audience with me, to suggest an opposite conviction, and give to your recital, when you repeat the tale, a species of importance. Now, sir, my counsel to you is, never to repeat it, and for this reason; nobody possessed of common powers of judgment will ever believe you! not one, sir! No one would ever believe that Monsieur Fouché had made so grave a mistake, no more than he would believe that a man of good name and birth, a French officer, could have stolen a snuff-box. You see, Monsieur de Tiernay, that I acquit you of this shameful act. Imitate my generosity, sir, and forget all that you have witnessed since Tuesday last. I have given you good advice, sir; if I find that you profit by it, we may see more of each other."

Scarcely appreciating the force of his parable, and thinking of nothing save the vindication of my honor, I muttered a few unmeaning words, and withdrew, glad to escape a presence which had assumed, to my terrified senses, all the diabolical subtlety of satanic influence. Trusting that no future accident of my life should ever bring me within such precincts, I hurried from the place as though it were contaminated and plague-stricken.

CHAPTER XLVII.—"THE VILLAGE OF SCHWARTZ-ACH."

I was destitute enough when I quitted the "Temple," a few days back; but my condition now was sadder still, for, in addition to my poverty and friendlessness, I had imbibed a degree of distrust and suspicion that made me shun my fellow-men, and actually shrink from the contact of a stranger. The commonest show of courtesy, the most ordinary exercise of politeness, struck me as the secret wiles of that police, whose machinations, I fancied, were still spread around me. I had conceived a most intense hatred of civilization,

or, at least, of what I rashly supposed to be the inherent vices of civilized life. I longed for what I deemed must be the glorious independence of a savage. If I could but discover this Paradise beyond the seas, of which the Marquise raved so much; if I only could find out that glorious land which neither knew secret intrigues nor conspiracies, I should leave France forever, taking any condition or braving any mischances fate might have in store for me.

There was something peculiarly offensive in the treatment I had met with. Imprisoned on suspicion, I was liberated without any "amende;" neither punished like a guilty man, nor absolved as an innocent one. I was sent out upon the world as though the state would not own nor acknowledge me; a dangerous practice, as I often thought, if only adopted on a large scale. It was some days before I could summon resolution to ascertain exactly my position: at last I did muster up courage, and, under pretence of wishing to address a letter to myself, I applied at the Ministry of War for the address of Lieutenant Tiernay, of the 9th Hussars. I was one of a large crowd similarly engaged, some inquiring for sons that had fallen in battle, or husbands and fathers in far away countries. The office was only open each morning for two hours, and, consequently, as the expiration of the time drew nigh, the eagerness of the inquirers became far greater, and the contrast with the cold apathy of the clerks the more strongly marked. I had given way to many, who were weaker than myself, and less able to buffet with the crowd about them; and at last, when, wearied by waiting, I was drawing nigh the table, my attention was struck by an old, a very old man, who, with a beard white as snow, and long moustaches of the same color, was making great efforts to gain the front rank. I stretched out my hand, and caught his, and, by considerable exertion, at last succeeded in placing him in front of me.

He thanked me fervently, in a strange kind of German, a *patois* I had never heard before, and kissed my hand three or four times over in his gratitude; indeed, so absorbed was he for the time in his desire to thank me, that I had to recall him to the more pressing reason of his presence, and warn him that but a few minutes more of the hour remained free.

"Speak up," cried the clerk, as the old man muttered something in a low and very indistinct voice; "speak up; and remember, my friend, that we do not profess to give information farther back than the times of 'Louis Quatorze.'"

This allusion to the years of the old man was loudly applauded by his colleagues, who drew nigh to stare at the cause of it.

"Sacre bleu! he is talking Hebrew," said another, "and asking for a friend who fell at Ramoth Gilead."

"He is speaking German," said I, peremptorily, "and asking for a relative whom he believes to have embarked with the expedition to Egypt."

"Are you a sworn interpreter, young man?" asked an older and more consequential looking personage.

I was about to return a hasty reply to this impertinence, but I thought of the old man, and the few seconds that still remained for his inquiry, and I smothered my anger, and was silent.

"What rank did he hold?" inquired one of the clerks, who had listened with rather more patience to the old man. I translated the question for the peasant, who, in reply, confessed that he could not tell. The youth was his only son, and had left home many years before, and never written. A neighbor, however, who had travelled in foreign parts, had brought tidings that he had gone with the expedition to Egypt, and was already high in the French army.

"You are not quite certain that he did not command the army of Egypt?" said one of the clerks in mockery of the old man's story.

"It is not unlikely," said the peasant, gravely; "he was a brave and a bold youth, and could have lifted two such as you with one hand, and hurled you out of that window."

"Let us hear his name once more," said the elder clerk; "it is worth remembering."

"I have told you already. It was Karl Kleber."

"The General—General Kleber!" cried three or four in a breath.

"Mayhap," was all the reply.

"And are you the father of the great general of Egypt?" asked the elder, with an air of deep respect.

"Kleber is my son; and so that he is alive and well, I care little if a general or simple soldier."

Not a word was said in answer to this speech, and each seemed to feel reluctant to tell the sad tidings. At last the elder clerk said, "You have lost a good son, and France one of her greatest captains. The General Kleber is dead."

"Dead!" said the old man, slowly.

"In the very moment of his greatest glory, too, when he had won the country of the Pyramids, and made Egypt a colony of France."

"When did he die?" said the peasant.

"The last accounts from the East brought the news; and this very day the Council of State has accorded a pension to his family of ten thousand livres."

"They may keep their money. I am all that remains, and have no want of it; and I should be poorer still before I'd take it."

These words he uttered in a low, harsh tone, and pushed his way back through the crowd.

One moment more was enough for my inquiry.

"Maurice Tiernay, of the 9th—*destitué*," was the short and stunning answer I received.

"Is there any reason alleged—is there any charge imputed to him?" asked I, timidly.

"Ma foi! you must go to the Minister of War with that question. Perhaps he was paymaster, and embezzled the funds of the regiment; perhaps he liked royalist gold better than republican

silver; or perhaps he preferred the company of the baggage-train and the 'ambulances,' when he should have been at the head of his squadron."

I did not care to listen longer to this impertinence, and making my way out I gained the street. The old peasant was still standing there, like one stunned and overwhelmed by some great shock, and neither heeding the crowd that passed, nor the groups that halted occasionally to stare at him.

"Come along with *me*," said I, taking his hand in mine. "*Your* calamity is a heavy one, but *mine* is harder to bear up against."

He suffered himself to be led away like a child, and never spoke a word as we walked along towards the "barriere," beyond which, at a short distance, was a little ordinary, where I used to dine. There we had our dinner together, and as the evening wore on the old man rallied enough to tell me of his son's early life, and his departure for the army. Of his great career I could speak freely, for Kleber's name was, in soldier esteem, scarcely second to that of Bonaparte himself. Not all the praises I could bestow, however, were sufficient to turn the old man from his stern conviction, that a peasant in the "Lech Thal" was a more noble and independent man than the greatest general that ever marched to victory.

"We have been some centuries there," said he, "and none of our name has incurred a shadow of disgrace. Why should not Karl have lived like his ancestors?"

It was useless to appeal to the glory his son had gained—the noble reputation he had left behind him. The peasant saw in the soldier but one who hired out his courage and his blood, and deemed the calling a low and unworthy one. I suppose I was not the first who, in the effort to convince another, found himself shaken in his own convictions; for I own before I lay down that night many of the old man's arguments assumed a force and power that I could not resist, and held possession of my mind even after I fell asleep. In my dreams I was once more beside the American lake, and that little colony of simple people, where I had seen all that was best of my life, and learned the few lessons I had ever received of charity and good-nature.

From what the peasant said, the primitive habits of the Lech Thal must be almost like those of that little colony, and I willingly assented to his offer to accompany him in his journey homeward. He seemed to feel a kind of satisfaction in turning my thoughts away from a career that he held so cheaply, and talked enthusiastically of the tranquil life of the Bregenzer-wald.

We left Paris the following morning, and, partly by diligence, partly on foot, reached Strasbourg in a few days; thence we proceeded by Kehel to Freyburg, and, crossing the Lake of Constance at Rorschach, we entered the Bregenzer-wald on the twelfth morning of our journey. I suppose that most men preserve fresher memory of the stirring and turbulent scenes of their lives than of the

more peaceful and tranquil ones, and I shall not be deemed singular when I say, that some years passed over me in this quiet spot, and seemed as but a few weeks. The old peasant was the "Vorsteher," or ruler of the village, by whom all disputes were settled, and all litigation of an humble kind decided—a species of voluntary jurisdiction maintained to this very day in that primitive region. My occupation there was as a species of secretary to the court, an office quite new to the villagers, but which served to impress them more reverentially than ever in favor of this rude justice. My legal duties over, I became a vine-dresser, a wood-cutter, or a deer-stalker, as season and weather dictated; my evenings being always devoted to the task of a schoolmaster. A curious seminary was it, too, embracing every class from childhood to advanced age, all eager for knowledge, and all submitting to the most patient discipline to attain it. There was much to make me happy in that humble lot. I had the love and esteem of all around me; there was neither a harassing doubt for the future, nor the rich man's contumely to oppress me; my life was made up of occupations which alternately engaged mind and body, and, above all and worth all besides, I had a sense of duty, a feeling that I was doing that which was useful to my fellow-men; and however great may be a man's station in life, if it want this element, the humblest peasant that rises to his daily toil has a nobler and a better part.

As I trace these lines how many memories of the spot are rising before me! Scenes I had long forgotten—faces I had ceased to remember! And now I see the little wooden bridge—a giant tree, guarded by a single rail, that crossed the torrent in front of our cottage; and I behold once more the little waxen image of the Virgin over the door, in whose glass shrine at night-fall a candle ever burned! and I hear the low hum of the villagers' prayer as the Angelus is singing, and see on every crag or cliff the homebound hunter kneeling in his deep devotion!

Happy people, and not less good than happy! Your bold and barren mountains have been the safeguard of your virtue and your innocence! Long may they prove so, and long may the waves of the world's ambition be stayed at their rocky feet!

I was beginning to forget all that I had seen of life, or, if not forget, at least to regard it as a wild and troubled dream, when an accident, one of those things we always regard as the merest chances, once more opened the flood-gates of memory, and sent the whole past in a strong current through my brain.

In this mountain region the transition from winter to summer is effected in a few days. Some hours of a scorching sun and south wind swell the torrents with melted snow; the icebergs fall thundering from cliff and crag, and the sporting waterfall once more dashes over the precipice. The trees burst into leaf, and the grass springs up green and fresh from its wintry covering; and from the dreary

aspect of snow-capped hills and leaden clouds, nature changes to fertile plains and hills, and a sky of almost unbroken blue.

It was of a glorious evening in April, when all these changes were passing, that I was descending the mountain above our village after a hard day's chamois hunting. Anxious to reach the plain before nightfall, I could not, however, help stopping from time to time to watch the golden and ruby tints of the sun upon the snow, or see the turquoise blue which occasionally marked the course of a rivulet through the glaciers. The Alp-horn was sounding from every cliff and height, and the lowing of the cattle swelled into a rich and mellow chorus. It was a beautiful picture, realizing in every tint and hue, in every sound and cadence, all that one can fancy of romantic simplicity, and I surveyed it with a swelling and a grateful heart.

As I turned to resume my way, I was struck by the sound of voices speaking, as I fancied, in French, and before I could settle the doubt with myself, I saw in front of me a party of some six or seven soldiers, who, with their muskets slung behind them, were descending the steep path by the aid of sticks.

Weary-looking and foot-sore as they were, their dress, their bearing, and their soldierlike air, struck me forcibly, and sent into my heart a thrill I had not known for many a day before. I came up quickly behind them, and could overhear their complaints at having mistaken the road, and their maledictions, uttered in no gentle spirit, on the stupid mountaineers who could not understand French.

"Here comes another fellow, let us try him," said one, as he turned and saw me near. "Schwartz-Ach, Schwartz-Ach," added he, addressing me, and reading the name from a slip of paper in his hand.

"I am going to the village," said I in French, "and will show the way with pleasure."

"How! what! are you a Frenchman, then?" cried the corporal, in amazement.

"Even so," said I.

"Then by what chance are you living in this wild spot? How, in the name of wonder, can you exist here?"

"With venison like this," said I, pointing to a chamois buck on my shoulder, "and the red wine of the Lech Thal, a man may manage to forget

Veray's and the Dragon 'Vert,' particularly as they are not associated with a bill and a waiter!"

"And perhaps you are a royalist," cried another, "and don't like how matters are going on at home?"

"I have not that excuse for my exile," said I, coldly.

"Have you served, then?"

I nodded.

"Ah, I see," said the corporal, "you grew weary of parade and guard mounting."

"If you mean that I deserted," said I, "you are wrong there also; and now let it be my turn to ask a few questions. What is France about? Is the republic still as great and victorious as ever?"

"Sacre bleu, man, what are you thinking of? We are an empire some years back, and Napoleon has made as many kings as he has got brothers and cousins to crown."

"And the army, where is it?"

"Ask for some half dozen armies, and you'll still be short of the mark. We have one in Hamburg, and another in the far North, holding the Russians in check; we have garrisons in every fortress of Prussia and the Rhine Land; we have some eighty thousand fellows in Poland and Galicia; double as many more in Spain; Italy is our own, and so will be Austria ere many days go over."

Boastfully as all this was spoken, I found it to be not far from truth, and learned, as we walked along, that the emperor was at that very moment on the march to meet the Archduke Charles, who, with a numerous army, was advancing on Ratisbon, the little party of soldiers being portion of a force despatched to explore the passes of the "Vorarlberg," and report on how far they might be practicable for the transmission of troops to act on the left flank and rear of the Austrian army. Their success had up to this time been very slight, and the corporal was making for Schwartz-Ach, as a spot where he hoped to rendezvous with some of his comrades. They were much disappointed on my telling them that I had quitted the village that morning, and that not a soldier had been seen there. There was, however, no other spot to pass the night in, and they willingly accepted the offer I made them of a shelter and a supper in our cottage.

COWPER OR COOPER.—The poet's family was originally of Strode in Slinfold, Sussex, not Kent, as Lord Campbell (*Lives of the Chans.*, vol. iv., p. 258) states, and spelt their names Cooper. The first person who altered the spelling was John Cooper of London, father of the first baronet, and he probably adopted the spelling in affectionation of the Norman spelling; the family having in those days been styled Le Cupere, Cuper, and Coupre in Norman-French, and Cuparius in Latin, as may be seen by the grants made to Battle Abbey. The pronunciation was never changed. All the Sussex branches continued the spelling of Cooper until the time of Henry Cowper of Strode, who died 1706. In Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, (p. 259,) the first letter is signed "William Cooper."—From *Notes and Queries*.

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this, compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started, by our railway, at the Creation, to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.—*Household Words*.